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HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor. OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY TERMS: $1.25 Per Year.

VOL. XLVII SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 14, 1910 NO. 27

MRS. LEMEN DIES SUDDENLY IN BUFFALO.

Death is Probably Due to Heart Trouble.

WAS ILL ONLY A FEW HOURS.

Husband Summoned to Her Bedside Tuesday Afternoon—She Died Wednesday Morning—Particulars Concerning Her Death are Meagre—She Was Well-known and Popular Here.

The startling news reached here yesterday afternoon that Mrs. S. D. Lemen, of this borough, had died that morning at the home of her aunt, Mrs. Love, in Buffalo.

About two weeks ago Mrs. Lemen left here for Buffalo to visit her aunt and her sister and the first news of her illness was a telegram to Mr. Lemen Tuesday afternoon stating that she was critically ill. Mr. Lemen caught the evening train and the next news was a telegram to H. O. Gallup conveying the sad intelligence that she was dead. Up to eleven o'clock this morning no further particulars have been received here. When Mrs. Lemen left here she was apparently in the best of health and her death came as a great shock to her many friends in Smethport.

The general supposition is that she died of heart trouble because she is said to have been subject to sort of fainting spells for some time back, but this trouble never was considered of sufficient importance to cause alarm.

Miss Alice Carmen was born in Iowa and when a child she and a sister came to Buffalo and made her home with her aunt, Mrs. Love. About six years ago she came to Smethport as a trimmer in Mrs. Hinman's millinery store where she stayed for two seasons. She was united in marriage to S. D. Lemen about four years ago and one year ago they came to Smethport, Mr. Lemen taking charge of The Lindholm Company's store and Mrs. Lemen was the head of the millinery department.

Mrs. Lemen was a woman who fully understood her business, was careful and obliging with her customers and socially was of a very pleasing disposition which made her many friends both socially and in a business way. Her sudden demise will be deeply mourned by a large circle of friends here.

BROUGHT HOME.

Mrs. Mary Pelton Who Was Stricken With Apoplexy in Buffalo Brought to Smethport Thursday.

Mrs. Mary Peloin of this borough, who suffered a stroke of apoplexy on the streets of Buffalo several weeks ago, and was subsequently taken to the Emergency hospital, that city, where she has since been a patient, was brought home last Thursday.

Mrs. Pelton is completely paralyzed as a result of her sudden stroke and it was necessary for her to make the trip on a stretcher, but in spite of this she stood the journey well. She was attended by a nurse.

On arriving here the aged lady was taken to the home of her daughter, Mrs. F. H. Hungiville, where she will receive attention which can be obtained at no place but home. Mrs. Pelton's many friends will hope for her speedy recovery from the effects of her lamentable affliction.

EPIDEMIC AT CROSBY.

Two Children Die as Result of Whooping Cough.

Crosby has been undergoing an epidemic of whooping cough which has reached a stage where the malady has become almost general among the juvenile population. Although the disease is generally considered a harmless one among the older ones, two small children have died as a result of having contracted it.

On Tuesday night of last week an infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Guy Smith died after a short illness, the funeral being held Thursday at Crosby.

On last Friday, Rose, a small daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Wilcox, who reside in Christian Hollow near Crosby passed away as a result of pneumonia, following an attack of whooping cough. The funeral was held Sunday at Crosby.

HE HAD 'EM.

Chief of Police McCarthy Picks Up Sad Specimen of Humanity.

Last Friday evening Officer McCarthy gathered in an intoxicated man who was wandering about the streets in a stupor, and who, without a doubt, was one of the most complete wrecks of mankind that ever walked the streets of our borough, if not taking a practiced eye to observe that he was "seeing things."

On being placed in the bastile he was seized with a violent attack of hiccoughs and his condition became such that it was necessary to secure the services of a physician. Dr. Chadwick was summoned and after administering necessary treatment the man's condition became much improved.

When he was able to talk intelligently the man gave his name as Fred Zulaf, a glassworker. It appears that he had been working in Clarksburg, W. Va., during the past season, and had saved a good sized sum of money, his intentions being to go on a camping exepdtion, when the factory in which he was working shut down for the summer. But instead of doing this he went on a spree and his money was soon gone. Before coming here the man had sold his good clothes in DuBois. As near as he could figure he had been "rough riding" for over a month. Zulaf was released from captivity Saturday morning, and although he was a little shakey in the knees, his condition showed much improvement over the night before. But he succeeded in getting back into his liquor during the day, and in the evening he was again taken in charge. Sunday morning he was released and departed from our midst.

Zulaf is known to several local glassworkers and is said to be an intelligent man and an excellent workman.

DEATH OF AN AGED LADY.

Mrs. Calista Rice of Eldred Died on Sunday Last.

Died at her home in Eldred on July 10, 1910, Mrs. Calista Rice, wife of the late R. A. Rice, aged 78 years.

The deceased was born in the town Pitcher, Chenango, Co., N. Y., Dec. 7th, 1831, and was the youngest daughter of William and Calista Lamphier, who with a family of six children, came to Eldred in 1835, settling on what is now known as the Lamphier estate. It was from this place that she was married to Richard A. Rice in 1864. Five children came to bless their union, two of which, with their father proceeded her to that "Bourne from which no traveler ever returns." er from paralysis for some 18 months.

Mrs. Rice has been a patient sufferduring which time she has been unable to raise her head from the pillow; but she has endured her affliction with the spirit of true Christian fortitude that has ever characterized her life—a life that ha sever been of exceptional sweetness and purity, finding its greatest pleasures in the loving care and companionship of her family.

She leaves to mourn her loss 3 children, Fenton and William of Eldred and Byron of Laurel, Mont., together with her two aged sisters, Mrs. G. B. Both of Eldred and Mrs. Oscar Carpenter of Larabee and one brother, S. G. Lamphier of Eldred.

STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.

Elijah Howard, A Farmer Residing Near Shinglehouse was Instantly Killed.

Wednesday's Bradford Era says: During a thunder shower yesterday afternoon about 4 o'clock Elijah Howard, a farmer who lived near Shinglehouse, Pa., was struck by lightning and instantly killed. Charles Seutter, who was with him escaped injury.

Howard was driving a team of horses attached to a wagon on the highway, about a mile from his home. There was a flash of lightning and Mr. Howard was hurled from the wagon seat to the ground, dead, the lightning having struck and killed him. Mr. Seutter's escape from a similar fate was remarkable. He was riding with the man who lost his life. Seutter was much shocked, however.

As the accident happened at what is known as Doyle Hollow, just over the line in McKean county, word was sent to Badford to Coronor Sherman, who happened to be out of the city.

In the meantime the body was taken to the late home of the deceased.

Mr. Howard, the victim, was 50 years of age and is survived by his widow and two children.

Advertise in The Miner.

YOUNG GIRL BADLY INJURED LAST FRIDAY.

Myrtle Taylor, who Resides Near Turtle Point, the Victim.

SHE SUSTAINED FRACTURED JAW.

Was Thrown From a Rig During Runaway—Happened Near Turtle Point—Dr. Clark of This Borough Summoned.

Last Friday as Myrtle Taylor, a young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ira Taylor, who reside about a mile this side of Turtle Point was the victim of a serious accident. The girl was riding with her parents when the horse took fright and started to run away. She was thrown from the rig, striking on her face, and sustaining numerous bad cuts and bruises.

She was taken to her home where her injuries were not thought to be serious. A Portville physician was sent for but as he failed to respond the victim of the accident, although suffering greatly, went without medical attention until Sunday when her condition became such that Dr. Clark of this place was summoned.

Dr. Clark on arriving at the Taylor home found the girl to be suffering intense agony and a further examination disclosed the fact that her jaw had been broken by the accident. The physician reduced the fracture and made the patient as comfortable as possible and barring unlooked for complications her rapid recovery is anticipated.

IMPERIAL WINDOW GLASS CO.

Argument on Demurrer Heard in the United States Court at Pittsburg.

Pittsburg, July 8—Argument on the demurrer filed to the indictment brought by United States Attorney John H. Jodon against the Imperial Window Glass company on a charge of violating the Sherman anti-trust act, commenced yesterday morning before Judge James S. Young and Charles P. Orr in the United States District Court. The indictment, which was returned by the special April term grand jury, includes three counts: The first charges the corporation with engaging in conspiracy in restraint of interstate trade and commerce; the second with engaging in unlawful combination in restraint of trade; and the third with attempting to monopolise a portion of interstate trade in hand-blown window glass. It is alleged in the indictment that the corporation formed a combination which now controls 98 per cent. of the total trade, commerce and business in the manufacture of hand-blown window glass in the United States. Sixty-six concerns are said to be implicated, representing a capitalization of nearly $10,000,000.

The grounds on which the demurrer was filed are that the indictment does not charge a crime against the United States, under any act; that the acts done by the defendant are lawful and proper, inasmuch as the conspiracy does not cahrge a direct or immediate restraint of interstate trade; and that the indictment does not charge fraud, necessary to constitute a conspiracy.

Death of a Child.

Rose, the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Wilcox, died at her home near Crosby, Friday morning, July 8th, aged 3 years and 13 days, after a sickness of nearly five weeks from whooping cough which terminated in pneumonia. Rose was a very bright and lovable child and her death leaves a vacancy which can never be filled.

The floral tributes of her name sake as well as other flowers were very numerous as well as beautiful.

This lovely bud so young and fair,
Called hence by early doom,
Just came to show how sweet a flower
In paradise would blucom.
Ere sin could harm or sorrow fade,
Death came with friendly care,
The opening bud to Heaven conveyed,
And bade it blossom there.

***

I have just received a car load of salt, all grades, common fine and diamond F rock salt, and also all grades of dairy and table salt which I offer at the lowest market price.

G. W. KING,
East Smethport.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

Editor Laymon of Port Allegany Writes Up Smethport's Observance of July 4.

Editor Laymon, of the Port Allegany Reporter, came to Smethport on July 4th in his automobile and witnessed the local celebration. His impressions of the observance were put forward in the following finely written article, appearing in last Saturday's Reporter:

Quite a number of people went to Smethport Monday to assist the county seat neighbors in celebrating the Fourth of July, and where preparations had been made for the same. The programs started before daybreak and from that time to the close of the entertainment when the last set of fireworks was set off there was no wait. Nor was there a number omitted from the program, while many new stunts were put on, for instance the foot race between Sam Bell and John R. VanSickles wasn't at all advertised, but it caught the crowd. John R. who is right in practice, chasing the cows and sheep on his big farm at the Devil's Elbow, won by almost three inches over his younger competitor who though having just finished a tough run for the nomination for the general assembly, helped his wind but little, the running having been done in a big red automobile. The writer estimated the visitors at twenty-five hundred. The feature on the court house lawn after the fine parade in the forenoon, were very interesting. The county seat has facilities for Fourth of July stunts not possessed by any other town in the county, not excepting Bradford. Judge Morrison and Judge Boulton, two of as interesting and entertaining speakers as can be found in the state, had numbers of the court house lawn program. Not another town in the county has another Dr. McCoy, a finely preserved McKean county native, born in 1846, though he doesn't look to be forty, with a finely cultivated voice that hasn't lost a quaver yet. He trained four young men to sing national songs and they acquitted themselves with pride and congratulations to their tutor. He also helped Miss Flossie Freeman in her practice and solo rendition of The Star Spangled Banner, sung from the grand stand. She is a young lady perhaps eighteen, and permit us to suggest that quite probably there is no other young soprano in the county who could have done it quite so well. They, the county seat, have an excellent band of gentlemanly musicians and that helps much of such a day; a good ball team also helps out. And there is another feature without which no town can celebrate the National Day without limited success. There are a whole lot of citizens who take pride in the town in which they live and own property, contribute liberally and then unite together for work. That's the mainspring of Smethport's excellent and successful celebration.

KEPT WEDDING SECRET.

Former Smethport Young Lady Weds St. Marys Young Man.

The St. Marys Enterprise of last Thursday says:

"Fountain DeHass and Miss Ethel Duffey sprung a surprise on their friends the other day by making it known that they were man and wife. They were married on February 18th, at Kersey, at the home of Squire John Beveridge, who performed the ceremony. The young couple kept the matter a profound secret until now, when the truth leaked out. Fountain DeHass is a son of the superintendent of the County Home, J. W. DeHass, and his bride is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Duffey of Madison street. They are making their home with the groom's parents."

The bride, with her parents, resided in Smethport several years ago, and is well known here where she numbers many friends.

AN AUTOMOBILE ACCIDENT.

Congressman Barclay's Sister Injured in Washington.

Washington, D. C., July 12.—Two women, each 50 years old, one the sister of a member of congress, were injured in an automobile accident in this city.

They are Mrs. R. Z. Roberts, sister of Representative Charles F. Barclay, and Mrs. E. S. Peck, both of this city.

Both women were taken to the Emergency hospital. It was found that Mrs. Peck was the more severely injured. She received a blow on the head, which made her unconscious. Her condition is serious. Mrs. Roberts is suffering from a badly lacerated face and a sprained knee.

BRUTAL MURDER AT LIMESTONE FRIDAY NIGHT.

Archie Freeman, a Woodsman Received Knife Thrust from Italian.

THE MURDERER MADE HIS ESCAPE

Stabbing Occurred at 11 O'clock in the Evening—Victim Was Taken to Bradford Hospital, Where He Succombed Saturday Morning—Had Made Slighting Remark About His Assailant's Countrymen.

Limestone, N. Y., about 5 miles from Bradford was the scene of a brutal murder at 11 o'clock last Friday night, when Archie Freeman, a woodsman, was fatally stabbed by Nick Perozzoli, an Italian. Freeman was taken to the Bradford hospital, where he died Saturday morning. The murderer after committing the assault made good his escape. The Bardford Star-Record of Saturday night gave the following account of the tragedy:

Freeman and a friend, Thomas Cunningham, drove last evening from Rico Brook, where they were employed on a wood cutting job, to Limestone. Shortly before 11 o'clock they met Perozzoli and Angelo Reco, Italians, who invited them to go to an Italian saloon and have a drink. Freeman refused and expressed his views of Italians in very forcible terms. Reco objected to the language of the woodsman and invited him to fight. Freeman was not averse to a fistic encounter and the pair with Cunningham, Perozzoli and another Italian, whose name has not been learned, crossed the street to a dark spot for the purpose of settling the dispute.

Freeman started to remove his coat and Reco stood directly in front of him, ready to fight. While Freeman had his coat partly off and was in a position where he was unable to defend himself, Perozzoli leaped at him like a tiger and drove a stilleto into his abdomen. One thrust was sufficient and the assassin, without a word ran down the street and disappeared in the darkness. The cowardly thrust was delivered so quickly and unexpectedly that Cunningham did not know that his friend had been injured until Freeman started to run up the street, crying as he ran, "I've been stabbed!"

The wounded man ran in the direction of the W. N. Y. & P. traction tracks and collapsed on the steps of Carey's candy store. P. J. Garin, the employer of Freeman, was quickly notified of the stabbing and ran to the spot where the wounded man had fallen. He found him lying in a pool of blood and in a semi-conscious condition.

The wounded man was given temporary relief and later was brought to Bradford and hurried to the hospital in Still's ambulance. He was accompanied by P. J. Garin and Thomas Cunningham. Dr. Hogan as summoned to attend the wounded man and found him in a precarious condition. The wound in the abdomen was a deep one and the severing of a large artery was causing internal hemmorrhages. The man had lost a large quantity of blood and was in such a weakened condition that but little could be done for his relief.

This morning, District Attoney G. W. Cole, Sheriff S. M. Wheaton, Under Sheriff G. L. Mosher and John Marsh, who is connected with the Erie railroad, arrived in Limestone. They at once placed Angelo Reco under arrest as an accessory. He was placed in the Limestone lockup and when questioned exhibited the customary Italian reticence. He admitted that he had quarreled with Freeman, but would not acknowledge that he had seen Perozzoli weild the knife.

The district attorney and sheriff, accompanied by Mr. Marsh, came to Badford about 10 o'clock and went to the hospital, where they secured an ante-motem statement from Freeman, which practically substantiated the facts as stated above. Earlier in the day, the wounded man made a statement to Chief Murray, which, in detail, was similar to the one given to the Cattaraugus county officers.

District Attorney Cole informed a reporter that Perozzoli had been employed in Limestone for about three years. Three weeks ago he came to Bradford and secured employment on the construction work of the D., R. & P. railroad, between Mt. Jewett and Newton. Yesterday afternoon he was in Bradford and early in the evening went to Limestone and tired to get a job at the tannery. Perozzoli is about 25 years old. He speaks good English and had never been considered a dangerous man. The Cattaraugus county authorities are busy in efforts to locate the cowardly Italian.

Archie Freeman was a resident of Emporium and an experienced woodsman. He was 27 years of age and a single man. Freeman was foreman for Eaton & Garin on a wood-cutting job, and was highly regarded by his employers.

Word was received from Sheriff Norris of Cameron county Saturday night that it was reported that the murderer had been located in a lumber camp near Emporium. Two deputy sheriff's of Olean went to the scene and found nothing. Sheriff Wheaton of Cattaraugus has issued circulars offering $100 for the apprehension of Perozzoli.

Eldred Freeman, a veteran of the Civil war, father of the murdered man, and a daughter went to Bradford Sunday and took charge of the remains which were taken to Emporium for burial Monday.

TO ENTER PITTSBURG.

The P., S. & N. R. R. Will Soon Be Running Trains Into that City 'Tis Reported.

A Kittanning, Pa., report states that the Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern railroad which is being extended from Jefferson county past Kittanning to the south, will secure an entrance in Pittsburg.

Arrangements have been made for the company to use the tracks of the Pittsburg, Bessemer & Lake Erie from Houseville into the Pittsburg district, and final surveys will be started at once by the Shawmut along its located line from Freeport to Houseville, a distance of 14 miles.

Contacts for the new extension are expected to be let soon. Dwight C. Morgan, vice president and general manager of the Shawmut railroad, announced last week that a connection would be made with the Pittsburg, Bessemer & Lake Erie.

A large force of men are constructing the road down the Mahoning creek to the Allegheny river, where a large bridge is to be built. From opposite Mahoning along the west bank of the river the company is doing the work itself and good progress is being made.

WENT TO BRADFORD.

Members of Local P. H. C. Attend Reunion Last Thursday.

About twenty members of the local circle, P. H. C., went to Bradford last Thursday evening and were guests of the lodge of the order in that city at a reunion of members of the order in this section.

Members from Bradford, Olean, Smethport, Derrick City and East Bradford were in attendance to the number of 300.

After a meeting at which the initiation degree was exemplified upon two candidates by the degree teams of the Bradford and Olean lodges, dancing was enjoyed and a fine supper was served at the Dresser Hall.

The Smethport delegation returned home Friday morning and all are loud in their praise of the hospitality of their Bradford brethren. Among the prominent members of the order in attendance at the reunion were J. M. Evans of Sharon, National Lecturer, and C. M. Colegrove of Smethport, Represnettive to the Supreme Circle.

ATTEMPTED ARSON.

Insane Incendiary Attempts to Destroy Sleeping Quarters at St. Bonaventure's College, Allegany.

Olean, N. Y., July 10.—Friday Father Joseph, the head of St. Bonaventue's college, located at Allegany, N. Y., noticed the odor of smoke and went to the room of one of the brothers, whose name is Eugene O'Mally. The room was empty, but the next room was full of smoke and in the middle of the floor was a large pile of papers, which had been set on fire by O'Mally. The fire was extinguished. Captain Lawler and Chief Thorne, went to the college and brought O'Mally to this city where he was examined by Drs. Allen and Loughlen and declared insane. He was taken to the State hospital for the insane at Gowanda.

WANTED

A good cylinder press feeder who can also make good as an ad and job compositor. Steady work and good wages to the right man. Inquire or address HE MINER, Smethport, Pa.

When the Brethren Cry "Amen."

When I'm prayin' loud in meetin' for myself an' feller men
Don't think the angels hear me 'less the brotherin cry "Amen!"

I'm wantin' that indorsement, an' I holler louder then,
For I know the angels hear me when the brotherin cry "Amen!"

It sorter keeps you thinkin' that you're doin' of yer best
An' wakin' all the echoes from the ringin' east to west.

It's a fine, refreshin' season to a feller's spirit then,
An' I know my pra'r's ascendin' when the brotherin cry "Amen!"

—Frank Stanton.

English.

"A Brooklyn judge says all women are not angels."

"He ought to study English composition."

"What has English composition got to do with it?"

"The judge evidently meant to say that not all women are angels. In this I agree with him. I have two ex-wives who are still living."

"Do you mean still living or living still?"

"No; I mean living yet."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Aftermath.

Fluffy Ruffles swathes and muffles
Up her fragile form;
Sneezing, grunting, she is hunting
For a spot that's warm.

Fluffy Ruffles coughs and snuffles
In distressing way;
But, by thunder, 'tis no wonder!
She was queen of May.

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

No Chance of Departing.

The editor looked out of his office window. In a nearby locust tree was an aeroplane twisted and tangled in a way that would require a cyclone to extricate it.

"Ah," chuckled the rural editor sardonically, "I'll write off a little article entitled 'The Aeroplane Has Come to Stay.'"—Chicago News.

The Rooters' Cry.

We want a catcher for the team,
Stout batsmen and a pitcher skilled,
Keen fielders, basemen full of steam,
And then we want the umpi—oh, bully for you! Make it a homer! Run, run! Hi, yi, yi! Oh, my! Oh, my! I guess that's going some! What?

—Buffalo Express.

What He Got.

Some children were telling their father what they got at school. The eldest got reading, spelling and definitions.

"And what do you get, my little man?" said the father to a rosy cheeked little fellow.

"Oh, I gets readin', spellin' and spankin'."—Harper's Weekly.

How It Began.

And to the Lord old Noah said,
"The water now tastes very bad.
Because there have been drowned therein
All beasts and mankind in their sin.
And therefore, Lord, I even think
I should prefer some other drink."

—New York Times.

Something Pretty.

"We women propose to establish a bank. What shall we call it?"

"Call it the Shoe and Leather. That's a good solid name."

"The idea! Now, we might call it the Ice Cream and Soda Water."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Said the Eyewitness.

"Oh, murder!
Oh, mother!
Two girls with big hats
Tried to kiss—
Each other!"

—Chicago Tribune.

Reportorial.

"I am dissatisfied with your account of my discovery," declared the scientist. "I told you that it would be impossible to exaggerate the importance of this discovery."

"Well," said the reporter, "I didn't try."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Need of Brotherly Love.

Like others, I have had to stand
In tight and ticklish places:
And prayed some friend might lend a hand—
Say, deuces full of aces.

—Indianapolis News.

Her Way.

"If you would wear button shoes," suggested her father, "they would not come untied."

"I know it," replied she, "and if they did not come untied I could not ask a person whom I have in mind to tie them."—Houston Post.

Timid.

Said the girl who went out after dark
To take a short stroll in the park:
"I'm as scared as can be
Of that big dogwood tree.
I hope it's not going to bark!"

—Baltimore American.

Not Ill Enough to Be Impolite.

"He's not very seasick."

"No?"

"No. I just left him in his cabin, and he answered politely every question I asked him."—Detroit Free Press.

A Truthful Bard.

Of boyhood days I write no rhyme,
For I avow
I'm having quite as good a time
Right now.

—Kansas City Journal.

Proof.

"How did you know that the great magnate was so ill?"

"I saw it denied in the papers."—Puck.

New Phase of Meat Trouble.

Can any one just tell me,
Should beef be still sky-high,
Will ox heart cherries dearer be
Some time in July?

—New York Telegram.

The Reason Why.

He—We don't see so much of you as we used to do.

She—My husband objects to low cut dresses.—St. Louis Times.

Hit Him Coming and Going.

An attorney went to a livery stable and hired a team for two or three hours and at the end of that time, in a state of absentmindedness, left the team at another livery stable, where it remained eight days. At stable No. 1 there was no worry about the team. They knew the attorney was perfectly good for the pay. They knew that if he kept the team a month the bill would be paid promptly on presentation. They presumed that he knew what he was about and concluded it was his business and not theirs. At stable No. 2 there was equal freedom from anxiety. The attorney came there, left the team and went away, saying nothing. They put the horse into a stall and "chalked it down" on the office slate, knowing him to be a business man who paid cash. Discovery came at last, and the lawyer was presented with two bills, one for eight days' hire and the other for eight days' keep. He paid both bills promptly, but it cured him of being absentminded for nearly a whole month.

The Coffee Cup in Persia.

The expression "to give a cup of coffee" has in Persia a somewhat ominous significance. This is due to the fact that the coffee cup is one recognized medium for conveying poison. Some years ago the governor of Aspadana, having long been at daggers drawn with the chief of a powerful mountain tribe, determined in this way to put an end to all trouble. He professed to entertain a great degree of friendship and esteem for the chieftain and invited him to visit him at his palace. The chief unsuspiciously came, accompanied by his two young sons. For a week they were royally entertained. But at last one morning when the chief came into his host's presence he was coldly received, and an attendant soon stepped forward with a single cup of coffee in his hand, which he offered to the guest. The latter could not fail to understand that he was doomed. Preferring, however, steel to poison, he declined the cup and was thereupon, at a signal from his host, stabbed to death.

Salad of the Shoes.

Freshmen have troubles the world over. The "conscrits," as they are called at the famous Ecole Polytechnique in Paris, are subjected to an amusing initiation called the salad of shoes. The freshmen report some days before the upper class men so that they can receive their uniforms and become familiar with the routine of the school. The first morning after their tormentors return the freshmen are aroused by a demand that they throw their shoes out of the windows into the courtyard. The shoes are gathered into a heap, and, kneeling in a big circle around this, the freshmen are obliged to go through some ridiculous gymnastic movements at the command of their superiors. When the study bell rings they have but a minute to appear in the class rooms, and it is a strenuous minute around that pile of shoes.

Tennyson Disturbed.

This story is told in Robert H. Sherard's book "My Friends the French:"

"A granddaughter of Wordsworth, being full of admiration for the young poet who was to succeed her grandfather in laureate honors, was once taken to see Mr. Tennyson by Mrs. Taylor, the wife of another poet of some distinction. Tennyson received them very badly, showing great irritation at being disturbed, and when Mrs. Taylor rallied him on his manner he said: 'Madam, I am a poor man, and as I can't afford to buy the Times I hire it from the stationer's. He charges me a penny for it, which entitles me to keep it for an hour. Why will people always select just that hour to come and call upon me?' After which he flung out of the room, leaving Mrs. Tennyson to apologize for his brusquerie."

Currency in China.

Writing from the interior of China, a traveler says: "Currency is primitive to a degree. Lump silver only is used and copper 'cash.' Coined money is not current. Even in Honan city, which is distant only two days by rail from Pekin, lump silver, the same cumbrous currency that has been used for centuries, is still employed. It is cut into small pieces by hammer and chisel. Every town and village has its own weights and scales, and there is no pretense at uniformity."

The Man and the Parrot.

Exasperated Purchaser—Didn't you guarantee that this parrot would repeat every word he heard?

Bird Dealer—Certainly I did.

"But he doesn't repeat a single word."

"He repeats every word he hears, but he never hears any. He is as deaf as a post."

Life's Percentages.

It sometimes happens that a man plays an errorless game because he accepts mighty few chances. The man in the right garden is pretty sure to have a better fielding record than the shortstop.—Atchison Globe.

Outdone.

"He doted on Alice and would have married her but for her mother."

"Ah! Her mother"—

"Yes; her mother was still more attractive."

Missed Fire.

Patton-Ayres—I am cavlare to the general, you know. Miss Innocent—Oh, are you really? My brother is in the military too.—Boston Transcript.

Grief is crowned with consolation.—Shakespeare.

Managing the Weather.

It may safely be said that control of the weather by sorcerers was altogether disbelieved in by very few persons in the sixteenth century. But if the belief was held more strongly along one coast line than another it was around the Baltic rather than elsewhere. As late as 1670 a traveler tells us how, being becalmed off Finland, the captain sent ashore to buy a wind from a wizard. The fee was 10 kroner (say 36 shillings) and a pound of tobacco. The wizard tied a woolen rag with three knots in it to the mast. Untying the first knot produces just the wind they want, southwest. That slackening, untying knot No. 2 revives it for a time, but knot No. 3 brings up a fearful northeaster, which nearly sinks them. "Qui nescit orare, discat navigare," was a much quoted phrase. True enough of one traveler, it would appear, seeing he is reported to have prayed during a storm: "O Lord, I am no common beggar. I do not trouble thee every day, for I never prayed to thee before, and if it please thee to deliver me this once I will never pray to thee again as long as I live."—Atlantic Monthly.

Norway's Love For Bjornson.

What Bjornson was to his own people is best made clear by an incident which occurred at his beloved Aulestad not long before he was forced to start on his final journey to Paris in search of another lease of health and life. A regiment passed the place in the course of a maneuver. Its commander sent word ahead to the poet asking him to review the soldiers as they marched by. Bjornson stood on the veranda of his house, surrounded by his entire family—a man who had never held any public office, mind you! As the troop approached on the highroad below officers and men gave the salute due to a commanding general or a member of the royal house. But this was not all. From the rapidly moving ranks rose one mighty shout after another—a spontaneous outburst of devotion and gratitude such as it has been granted very few men the fortune to inspire. —Edward Bjorkman in American Review of Reviews.

Figures of Speech.

A well known ventriloquist who had consented to give a performance in aid of charity heard that certain members of his prospective audience were determined to watch the movements of his mouth with the closest scrutiny with a view of confounding him. The night came, the attendants carried in three dummies on chairs, and the artist made his appearance. His performance was unusually successful, the muscles of his face giving no evidence of his art. The changes of voice were marvelous, and the astonished crowd at the close of the exhibition gave him a rousing cheer. Again and again they called him back, and he expressed his pleasure by innumerable bows. At last the cheering ceased, and he was permitted to retire. Scarcely had he done so when the three "lay" figures got up from their chairs and walked off the stage. The ventriloquist had employed three friends to impersonate his usual mechanical figures.

The "Bull."

The origin of the word "bull" as the definition of a confused utterance is doubtful. Some philologists say it comes from the French boule—"fraud"—and others that it is derived from the Icelandic bull—"nonsense." Many definitions have been attempted, but the best probably is that of Sydney Smith. Writing of the difference between wit and "bulls," he says: "Wit discovers real relations that are apparent; 'bulls' admit apparent relations that are not real. The stronger the apparent connection and the more complete the real disconnection of the ideas the greater the surprise and the better the 'bull.'"

Where Looks Don't Matter.

Apropos of a titled foreigner's marriage to a rich and rather plain American girl a New Yorker said:

"The count has no cause to complain. The ethics of such a marriage as his are but the ethics of the matrimonial agency.

"A man called at a matrimonial agency.

"'I am interested,' he said, 'in the young lady who has $250,000 in her own right. Could you let me see her photograph?'

"'No; that is not the custom,' the agent replied. 'In any case over $100,000 the photograph is never asked for.'"

Working Him.

"I want the office, of course," said the aspiring statesman, "but not unless I am the people's choice."

"We can fix that, too," said his campaign manager, "only you know it's a good deal more expensive to be the people's choice than it is to go in as the compromise candidate."—Chicago Tribune.

Friendship.

Friendship is a vase which when it is flawed by heat or violence or accident may as well be broken at once. It can never be trusted again. The more graceful and ornamental it was the more clearly do we discern the hopelessness of restoring it to its former state.

A Continued Story.

"What did your wife say when you stayed out so late last night?"

"I don't know. She hasn't finished telling it all to me yet."—Detroit Free Press.

In this world it is not what we take up, but what we give up, that makes us rich.—Beecher.

The Animals in the Zoo.

The sleeping hours of the animals at the zoological gardens in Regent's park vary as much, according to the families to which they belong, as do their other characteristics and habits. The orang outang goes to bed at sundown, draping its head in a blanket and refusing to see visitors after dusk. It is also an early riser. With the lions, tigers and other members of the cat tribe the night finds them at their liveliest, and they sleep most between the midday meal and supper time. The eagles go to sleep just about the time their neighbors in the owl cage are waking up, while the bears during the winter months apparently sleep all day and night too. The residents of the monkey house object seriously to being disturbed after dark, and if one of the keepers happens to take a light into their quarters they scold him unmercifully. On the other hand, it would probably take a dynamite bomb to arouse the rhinoceros, and it is not uncommon, the keepers say, to find rats biting holes in its thick hide with impunity.—London Mail.

A Ban on Patterns.

"There is one kind of correspondence sometimes received by women clerks that makes heads of firms hopping mad," said the pretty stenographer. "That is dress patterns. They don't mind letters and magazines, but if a girl wants to keep on good terms with her employer and maybe keep her job she had better advise pattern companies to send their communications to some other address. I know one employer of about 100 girls who has put up notices in the workroom to the effect that no patterns can be received at that office. Not many men go that far, but all hold the same grudge against patterns. A girl who has a new dress to make up can't help spreading the pattern out the minute she gets it. Then every other woman in the office becomes interested. Nothing is so disorganizing to women clerks as patterns. Nothing takes up more time that belongs to the firm, so you really can't blame the bosses for putting a ban on patterns."—New York Press.

A Beautiful Lake.

Perhaps the most striking instance to be seen in the whole world of the wonderful apparent coloring of bodies of water is the marvelously beautiful Blue lake in Switzerland. Encompassed on all sides by lofty mountains, their lower ranges luxuriantly clothed with verdure down to the edge of the water and adorned with many fine forest trees, while their higher acclivities are garbed in a mantle of eternal snow, the little lake, nestling in its deep hollow basin and protected from winds and storms, is quite startling in its singular and strange beauty. The water, although really pure and colorless, appears to be of a most vivid and intense sky blue. And its transparency is so remarkable that a small nickel coin dropped into the water in the center of the lake can be seen gyrating downward until it reaches the bottom, apparently more than a hundred feet beneath.

Japan's National Beverage.

Sake is the national beverage of Japan. It has a peculiar flavor not comparable to any European drink. Is made from fermented rice by an intricate process in winter time and contains from 11 to 14 per cent of alcohol. It is a necessary constituent of every ceremonial Japanese dinner, is served in little, ampulla-like jars and drunk with much formality from squat, earless sake cups containing approximately about two ounces. To the European palate it tastes sour at first, but a preference for it is readily acquired. Curiously enough, it has a much more powerful effect on the Japanese than on Europeans. A stronger variety, shochu, contains from 20 to 50 per cent of alcohol. Another form, mirin, is more or less a liqueuer.—London Lancet.

The Peanut.

The common peanut, beloved of the small boy, grows in a way that is distinctly original. The little plant sends up its shoots, with the fruit on the end of a somewhat stiff stalk, and then before it ripens the stem bends over and carefully pushes the fruit underground. As pigs are said to be especially fond of these, it has been suggested that the plant does this to hide its nuts from the porker's too inquisitive investigations.

System Required.

Clerk—May I have a day's leave tomorrow, sir? It is my mother-in-law's funeral. Employer—My dear Huber, this mustn't occur again. Last week your wife died, and now your mother-in-law's going to be buried. You must arrange things better in your family and see that they happen in the holidays.—Lustige Blatter.

Unkind.

Medical Man—Jobson has done the meanest thing I ever heard of. He came to my house the other night, ate a big dinner, got indigestion and then went to another doctor to be cured.

Cheering Him Up.

New Boarder—How's the fare here?

Old Boarder—Well, we have chicken every morning.

"That's first rate. How is it served?"

"In the shell."

The Way of It.

Knicker—Life is an irony.

Bocker—Yes. By the time you have the money for a grand stand seat your home team no longer wins.—New York Sun.

We make our fortunes; we call them fate.—Alroy.

The Difference.

She—When a man starts to talk he never stops to think. He—And when a woman starts she never thinks to stop.

Pretty Hard.

The Father—This paper says the hardest wood in the world is not ebony, but cocus, which is much used for making flutes and similar musical instruments.

The Boy—I guess that shingle you use, pop, is made out of that kind of wood, ain't it?—Yonkers Statesman.

Took Her Advice.

Said he: "I've got 'em in a swing,
I'll run along for mayor."
His wife, "Don't run for anything
In this warm weather, dear."
And when he struck the office clover
He compromised on a walkover.

—Atlanta Constitution.

Fatted Calf Still Alive.

"Father," said the prodigal, "I have come back."

"Why didn't you come back before the census was took and help swell the total for our town? A boy with as little civic pride as you display had better keep on steppin'."—Kansas City Journal.

The Butter Tree.

In Ashanti there grows a tree resembling in appearance the English oak which furnishes excellent butter. This vegetable butter keeps in perfect condition all the year round in spite of the heat.

Almond Oil.

One hundred pounds of almonds yield forty-eight pounds of oil.

Ammunition Cars.

Because of the danger in having fire too close to explosives the cars on which ammunition is moved about the naval magazines on Iona island, New York, are handled by compressed air locomotives.

Oil of Petitgrain.

Many toilet soaps are scented with the oil of petitgrain, which is distilled in Paraguay from the leaves of the wild bitter orange trees.

The Eagle.

An eagle has been observed to rise from the ground and disappear in the sky within three minutes. Eagles sometimes soar to heights of more than 15,000 feet.

Rapid Farming.

The gay suburbanite must rush
The early evening train to catch.
To put ere day has lost its flush
Hop plasters on his garden patch.

—Boston Herald.

Incidental Risk.

"About the best way I know of killing time is an automobile trip."

"Yes, but how about the trip's other killings?"—Baltimore American.

"Verse Sweetens Doyle."

Little motts of liners
Shot through second base
Douse a ball team's chances
In the pennant race.

—New York Mail.

Firmness of Purpose.

Firmness of purpose is one of the most necessary shiews of character and one of the best instruments of success. Without it genius wastes its efforts in a maze of inconsistencies.

The Real Grievance.

"You are always complaining. You ought to be satisfied with the money you've got."

"I nap. It's with that which I haven't got that I am not satisfied."

A Reminder.

"Since I've come back I find that I'm forgotten by all my friends."

"Why didn't you borrow money of them before you went away?"—Judge's Library.

Kept Him Busy.

"You haven't had time to make any friends? Then you have lived in vain."

"Not on your life. I've managed to make some fully enemies."—Cleveland Leader.

Strange Hiding Place.

False teeth are occasionally used for secretive purposes. An eccentric old lady boasts of a roof plate which consists of two thin sheets of gold between which a miniature copy of her will is inserted. In a similar manner a dyer preserves a prescription which he declares he would not disclose for a large sum.—London Mail.

BRADFORD, PA.

JEWELER OPTICIAN

Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.

Over Hamilton's Shoe Store.

Bell Phone 800 Union Phone 499.

Call at my Store and look over my stock of

HARNESSES,
ROBES,
BLANKETS,
TRUNKS,
TRAVELING BAGS, etc.

The best goods at reasonable prices.

CHARLER LEMMLER
Smethport, Pa.

INSURANCE!
Life, Fire & Accident

—WRITTEN BY—

W. F. SPECHT,
Smethport, Pa.

In good reliable companies

Just Received

A new stock of goods have arrived and are on display at my store in the Young Block, opposite Fry & Comes. I am prepared to do all kinds of Portrait enlarging. Millinery and 5- and 10-cent counter. Give me a call.

May Chadwick,
Smethport, Pa.

G. H. DENNING

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FRESH and SALT.

FISH

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Main Street Smethport, Pa.

The Twenty Payment Life policy, deposits payable for twenty years only, insurance payable at death. We also issue ten, fifteen, twenty five and thirty payment life policies.
Age 21—$29.84 per thousand.
35—$38 34 per thousand.
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Ask for rates and guaranteed values.
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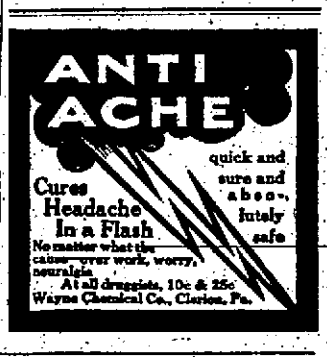
"Strongest in the world"
C. A. BURDICK, Agt.
SMETHPORT PENN'A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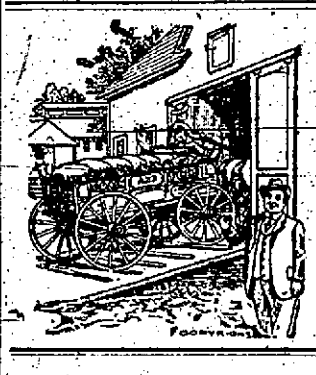

IT'S THE REAL STUFF,

the grain and feed from Green's. The horses and cattle that eat it know it; their owners know it by the results. Poor feed is always expensive and wasteful. Our standard is always best, and it is always the most economical to purchase grain and feed from us.

F. A. GREEN,
Smethport, Pa.

Brasted's

Go to Brasted's For CUT FLOWERS and POTTED PLANTS.

Woman's Power Over Man

Woman's most glorious endowment is the power to awaken and hold the pure and honest love of a worthy man. When she loses it and still loves on, no one in the wide world can know the heart agony she endures. The woman who suffers from weakness and derangement of her special womanly organism soon loses the power to sway the heart of a man. Her general health suffers and she loses her good looks, her attractiveness, her amiability and her power and prestige as a woman. Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N.Y., with the assistance of his staff of able physicians, has prescribed for and cured many thousands of women. He has devised a successful remedy for woman's ailments. It is known as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is a positive specific for the weaknesses and disorders peculiar to women. It purifies, regulates, strengthens and heals. Medicine dealers sell it. No honest dealer will advise you to accept a substitute in order to make a little larger profit.

IT MAKES WEAK WOMEN STRONG, SICK WOMEN WELL.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and strengthen Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything kept out of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right,

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,

Main Street, Smethport, Pa

C. J. Vanblad

Practical Horseshoer.

We are pleasantly located on our new building on Water St., where we are prepared to do all kinds of

HORSESHOEING

and

BLACKSMITHING

in a satisfactory manner.

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER

$1.00 per year in advance.

The Big Store.

HAYING TIME

is always an anxious one until the last load is safely in the barn or on the stack. Labor and annoyance is saved by using our up-to-date implements. We have all the newest patterns in scythes, rakes, forks, rope, twine, carriers and track, and everything needed for the harvesting season. Our prices are beyond competition.

W. B. MEANS.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, July 14, 1910.

Local and General.

—The Eldred Eagle plant is offered for sale.

—Robbins' circus will exhibit at Port Allegany on August 2.

—F. A. Green, the feed man, has a new advertisement to-day.

—The local lodge of Red Men now meet every Monday night at Holder's hall.

—The Smethport Rubber Company has a new advertisement in to-day's Miner.

—Mrs. C. C. Choate entertained a party of friends at cards last Thursday evening.

—The residence of John Morrison on Green street is being brightened by a coat of paint.

—One of the most severe electrical storms of the season visited this section Tuesday afternoon.

—An effort is being made to organize a baseball team here to play the balance of the season.

—A good remedy to keep your head cool is suggested in Monheimer's advertisement on this page.

—George W. Michell was in Corry the latter part of last week and returned home after purchasing a fine driving horse.

—Mrs. Harry L. Backus entertained fourteen young ladies last Friday evening at cards in honor of her sister, Miss Mabel Shattuck.

—By the clogging of a drain pipe leading from the roof of the new annex of the Kreinson store at Bradford last Thursday night the store was flooded by water and damage done to the extent of $5,000.

—George H. Wolfe and Miss Olive E. Price, both of Mt. Jewett, were united in marriage at Olean last week. Their friends in this vicinity, where both formerly resided, wish them happiness.

—Herbert Moran of Coudersport, the well known ball tosser, who is this year playing with the Rochester team of the Eastern League, fell and broke his leg in a game at Rochester last week. His injury will probably put him out of the game for the balance of the season.

—Commissioners Peterson and Marsh were down Tuesday to examine the middle abutment at the Benton bridge. The stone work is built upon timbers and the low water exposed them to the air, and it is said the bridge is weakened by it. A concrete foundation may have to be put in.—Eldred Eagle.

—In another column of to-day's Miner appears the complete statement of the receipts and expenditures of the Smethport celebration of July 4th, prepared by the committee of the Smethport Fire Department, which had the celebration in charge.

—A fall of shale Thursday at the Lewis Run plant of the Bradford Brick Co., caught Nick Merino, foreman of the shale pit, breaking his right leg in two places and crushing the left leg badly. The victim was taken to the Bradford hospital where it was found necessary to amputate the left leg at the knee.

—The A. B. Armstrong Drug Store advertises something new in trusses.

—Frank Dunbar has accepted the position of chauffeur for the Fair Association and will drive the Empire automobile, which is to be given away at this year's McKean County Fair & Races, on its advertising crusade throughout this section.

—Pennsylvania women are advocating the adoption of the mountain laurel as the national flower of America. The Pennsylvania delegation at the recent biennial meeting of Women's Clubs held in Cincinnati, endorsed the adoption of the laurel after hearing adoption. According to Mr. Bailey, the mountain laurel is found in every state in the Union and is at its best in the thirteen original states.

—Detective Jones went to Little Valley last Friday and arrested John Noonan, who is charged with being complicated in a highway robbery in Bradford last April. Noonan had just completed a short sentence at the Cattaraugus county jail at Little Valley for another offense when arrested. He was brought to Smethport and lodged in the county jail to await trial at the next term of criminal court.

—The following is found in an exchange. It is of unknown origin: "Don't worry about the editor. He has a charter from the State to act as a door mat for the community. He'll get the paper out some way or other and stands up for you when you run for office, lie about your pigeon-toed daughter's wedding, and blow about your big footed boy when he gets a $4 a week job, and weep over your shriveled soul when it is released from your gasping body, and smile at your giddy wife's second marriage. He'll get along. The lord only knows how, but the editor will get there somehow."

Flippant Parables.

A racy remark—"Go!"
A sidewalk—The crab's.
A parting word—Divorce.
The potter's field—Ceramics.
An operator in wool—The moth.
A temporary loan—The grass widow.
Sound to the corps—A bugle call.
The world's greatest composer—Sleep.
Cool and bracing—The chronic borrower.
The deuce of clubs—Coming home from 'em.
A summer resort—Putting on thinner clothing—Boston Transcript.

Eloping—Up to Date.

The coatless man puts a careless arm
Round the waist of the hatless girl,
While over the dustless, mudless roads
In a horseless wagon they whirl
Like a landless bullet from hammerless gun
By smokeless powder driven.
They fly to taste the speechless joys
By endless union given.
The only luncheon his colorless purse
Affords to them the means
Is a tasteless meal of boneless cod
With a dish of stringless beans.
He smokes his old tobaccoless pipe
And laughs a mirthless laugh
When papa tries to coax her back
By wireless telegraph.
—Motor Record.

A Secret Tragedy.

An Atchison woman called up a friend over the telephone this morning and when she heard a response asked, "Is this Mrs. A.?" The answer was inaudible. "I want to tell you a great secret, Mrs. A.," the woman said, and for the next fifteen minutes she poured out her heart. Then when she stopped to get her breath a reply came over the line: "This isn't Mrs. A. I will call her."—Atchison Globe.

Her Annual Task.

When a haze of blue smoke comes drifting
And hangs like an azure sheen
And the odor of brimstone keeps shifting
Through crevice and keyhole and screen
Don't think it's the comet returning
Or a volcano's opened its maw,
It's your neighbor, and sulphur he's burning
As he cleans his last summer's straw.
—Chicago News.

Gumshoeing Extraordinary.

Raffles (the burglar)—Congratulate me, old pal! I did a bit of work last night that surpassed all my previous efforts.

Raffles (the confidence man)—Aha! Picked a time lock?

Raffles—Better than that. I got home from the club at 2 a. m. and didn't awaken my wife!—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

A Big Job.

Last week I started in to read the dictionary through.
I'd like to skip the hardest words, but that would never do.
I've finished all the A's and B's and reached the word *chaotic!*
But, oh, it seems a long, long way to get down to zygotic!
—Woman's Home Companion.

Juvenile Depravity.

Tommy—I'd like to have you come an' join our Sunday school class.

Little Clarence—I don't know about going to Sunday school. I am not sure that I believe in the immortality of the soul.

Tommy—Why, durn yer hide, you don't have to believe in the immortality of the soul!—Chicago Tribune.

Camp Meeting Time.

Oh, I'm feelin' like camp meetin' time, an' that's the time for me.
The country, like salvation, is most amazin' free.
I know we'll sing the old hymns that stem the storm an' tide,
An' I reach the land o' promise with Jenny by my side.
—Atlanta Constitution.

Another Run For the Panic.

"Does your boy make his own spending money?"

"Not any more."

"Why not?"

"He had a hole in the baseball fence that he rented to the other boys, but since the team has been losing he hasn't been able to make it pay very well."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Clarified French.

There was once a young person named Clare,
Who adopted a Frenchified air.
She drank cafe noir,
And when told "Au revoir"
Would always reply, "Pomme de terre!"
—Lippincott's.

Why He Was Waiting.

"What are you waiting around here for?" asked the officer of a sailor who was standing at the door of a church where a wedding was taking place.

"Waitin' to see the tied go out, sir," replied the sailor, touching his hat.—Yonkers Statesman.

It Fades.

The beauty of the rose must fade,
Our laughter changes to a moan,
And oft we see a pretty maid
Whose store hair doesn't match her own.
—Detroit Free Press.

Well, What Do you Know?

"Didn't you promise to warn me to ask you to inform me to tell you what I said I'd tell you to tell me when you told me to tell you to tell me it?"

"Yes."

"Well, what is it?"—Princeton Tiger.

Happened at Bridge.

She let me hold her hand a bit
While in a gracious mood.
I didn't take a trick with it;
It wasn't very good.
—Pittsburg Post.

Otherwise Hopeless.

"My daughter's voice is to be tried today."

"Have you fixed the jury?"—Cleveland Leader.

Why.

And why am I with Antoinette
Each day I take a walk?
She's silly, but she's beautiful
I love to see her talk.
—Town Topics.

The First Fisherman.

Beside a vast and primal sea
A solitary savage he
Who gathered for his tribe's rude need
The daily dole of raw seaweed.

He watched the great tides rise and fall
And spoke the truth—or not at all.

Along the awful shore he ran
A simple pre-Pelasgian.

A thing primeval, undefiled,
Straightforward as a little child,

Until one morn he made a grab
And caught a mesozoic crab.

Then told the tribe at close of day
A bigger one had got away!

From him have sprung (I own a bias
To ways the cult of rod and fly has)
All fishermen—and Ananias!
—Punch.

How the Candidate Lost Out.

"They told me," said the Blifville candidate, "that spittin' rails for political fences was good exercise, and I whirled in with a will. But there's a difference 'twixt that and plowin' for votes. I plowed two days for one man and plowed so well that it give me a big reputation in the settlement, and I'm blest if a committee of farmers didn't wait on me and advise me to git out o' politics and stick to the soil, as it was their unanimous verdict that I'd be more of a success at guidin' the destiny of a Georgia mule than I would at sortin' seeds as a congressman!"—Atlanta Constitution.

We've Got to Fish.

This is the best time of the year
For fish to bite,
An' fellers they are waitin' near
For fish to bite;
They've left the office, shop an' store,
Don't care for business any more,
Jest waitin' on or off the shore
For fish to bite.

They is a feelin' in our bones
We've got to fish!
This ain't put in uncertain tones—
We've got to fish!
The world may take us for a slob,
But even if we lose our job,
We've got to jest git out an' bob—
We've got to fish!
—Boston Herald.

Ladies! Save Money and Keep in Style by Reading McCall's Magazine and Using McCall Patterns

McCall's Magazine will help you dress stylishly at a moderate expense by keeping you posted on the latest fashions in clothes and hats. 50 New Fashion Designs in each issue. Also valuable information on all home and personal interests. Only 50c a year, including a free pattern. Order of our agent today or send for free sample copy.

McCall Patterns will enable you to make in your own home, with your own hands, clothing for yourself and children which will be perfect in style and fit. Price—none higher than 15 cents. Send for free Pattern Catalogue.

We Will Give You Fine Presents for getting subscriptions among your friends. Send for free Premium Catalogue and Cash Prize Offer.

THE McCALL COMPANY, 239 to 249 West 37th St., NEW YORK

QUIRK'S RESTAURANT

Quick Lunches at all Hours

CIGARS AND TOBACCO

—also—

BALTIMORE RELAY SHIPT OYSTERS a specialty

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Good Groceries

We hold our Customers by giving them the best goods at the lowest possible prices.

WE HAVE

everything in the line of Groceries that a careful housewife needs to satisfy the demands of the table. Our

TEAS AND COFFEES

retain their flavor, and the increasing sales of the articles indicate that our patrons appreciate good articles for little money.

Oscar Engstrom

—Dealer in—

GROCERIES and PROVISIONS

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

McKean County's Pioneer Bank

Solicits your checking account or your deposits on interest.

¶ Our form of Deposit is very favorable.

NO ACCOUNT TOO SMALL

to receive our careful attention.

¶ We offer all inducements practical with conservative banking.

"Sunkist"

Oranges, Lemons

"SUNKIST"

means orange perfection.

I have a superb assortment of the choicest fruit this week.

J. Colegrove,

Dealer in fine Groceries, Fancy Fruits and Delicacies.

WE

Are now fully located in our new store on Main street and would be delighted to have

YOU

Call and inspect our fine and complete line of

WINTER FOOTWEAR

FOR

MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN.

We can satisfy both your fancy and purse in BOOTS, SHOES, RUBBERS, etc.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

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The famous little pills.

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ADDRESS

The McKean County Miner, Smetport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Terms:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per issue, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $2.50 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, July 14, 1910.

REPUBLICAN TICKET.

For Governor.
JOHN K. TENER,
of Washington County.

For Lieutenant Governor.
JOHN REYNOLDS,
of Bedford County.

For State Treasurer.
CHARLES FRED WRIGHT,
of Susquehanna County.

For Secy. of Internal Affairs.
HENRY HOUCH,
of Lebanon County.

For Congress.
CHARLES E. PATTON,
of Curwensville.

For Members of Assembly.
SAMUEL E. BELL,
of Smethport.
HORACE H. REDFIELD,
of Smethport.

At Newark, Ohio, last Friday evening Carl Etherington, aged 22 years, an Anti-Saloon League detective, was lynched by an angry mob. Etherington was one of 20 detectives sent to Newark to raid places alleged to be selling near beer. In a scuffle which ensued when he attempted to raid the "Last Chance" saloon he shot William Howard, a former policeman, the proprietor, and was nearly lynched at the time. When the news of Howard's death was sent out from the hospital where he was taken after the shooting, a mob of 5,000 battered down the doors of the jail where Etherington was held and dragged the prisoner forth and after terribly beating him, lynched him by means of a telephone pole. Governor Harman of Ohio immediately suspended the mayor and chief of police and a thorough investigation of the riot is being conducted.

Washington Letter.

Winthrop C. Jones, tally clerk of the House of Representatives, has prepared a general summary showing the work done by the 61st Congress including the extraordinary session which is an object lesson to the country and refutes as strongly as possible the oft repeated assertion that the 61st Congress would turn out to be "a do-nothing Congress."

There were introduced 27,267 bills, 240 joint resolutions, 64 concurrent resolutions, and 849 simple resolutions the latter meaning resolutions of various sorts requiring only the acquiescence of the body in which they originated.

The various committees to whom this vast number of bills were assigned made 1738 reports of which 614 were on public bills and 688 on private bills and resolutions. There were 266 adverse reports and 170 that did not reach the calendars.

The House passed 993 bills of various kinds, sorts and conditions.

There were 324 public laws, which includes the omnibus bridge bill, omnibus dam bill, omnibus public building bill, omnibus light-house bill, omnibus Indian bill and omnibus claim bill. There were 170 private laws in which were included 6140 private pension bills, which were included in 34 omnibus ouse pension bi..s containing 4524 items and 22 Senate omnibus bills containing 1616 items. 51 public resolutions and 2 private resolutions were signed. There were 443 public bills and 550 private bills and resolutions passed the House. There were 228 bills placed on the calendar for unanimous consent of which 5 remain on the calendar, 23 were objected to and retain their place on the Union and House calendars.

There were 36 motions filed, under the new rule, to discharge Committees from furthe reconsideration of various bills referred to committees and not reported.

Finally as an indication of how many times members were called upon to be present and answer to their names on a roll call it is stated by Tally Clerk Jones that there were 118 roll calls. At a most conservative estimate, each roll call in the House of Representatives consumes at least 35 minutes, fully three days of twenty-four hours each or six working days of twelve hours each were consumed in calling the rolls.

Commencement exercises during the month of June added hundreds of A. B.'s, L. L. D.'s and other mystic letters to the names of men in public life. Col. Roosevelt, President Taft and a long line of men prominent in affairs of state were among those so honored, but little comment was created when the University of Notre Dame, Indiana, conferred the degree of Doctor of Laws upon Edward A. Moseley, Secretary of the Interstate Commerce Commission. Mr. Moseley has occupied that position ever since the commission was created seventeen years ago and during all that time he has used his abilities in the interest of railway employes on every possible occasion. Year after year he fought persistently for laws which compelled the companies to equip their trains with automatic couplers, air brakes, and all sorts of appliances making for greater safety. There is not a railroad organization in the country which fails to appreciate the great work which Edward Moseley has accomplished for the vast army of railroad employes. He has been made an honorary member of every organization and whenever a party of engineers, firemen, conductors or switchmen comes to Washington a delegation is certain to call upon the Secretary of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

It is doubtful if there is a more popular official among the employes than Edward Moseley in any of the departments. Every one of his subordinates swears by him and more than a million people, either as organization or as individuals have joined in congratulating Dr. Edward A. Moseley, L. L. D., since the honor was conferred upon him by the Indiana University.

The National Rivers and Harbors Congress, whose platform has had the hearty endorsement of President Taft, will hold its seventh annual convention in the City of Washington December 7th, 8th and 9th next. It is expected that the forthcoming session will be the most important ever held by this great body of business and professional men and women who are unselfishly interested in bringing about a broad and liberal policy on the part of the government toward the rivers, harbors and canals of continental United States to the end that water transportation may become an adjunct to rail transportation yet be independent of each other.

President Taft will open the Congress as he did last year, but in view of his terse criticism of the last River and Harbor bill, in which he pointed out reasons why the bill should be vetoed, but which he refrained from vetoing because of the imperative demands of the Corps of Engineers that money be appropriated to hasten the work of completing some of the projects, the President's address will be awaited with great interest.

President Taft is a waterway enthusiast but he does not believe in the "piece-meal" policy of continuing appropriations. He wants projects that have been under way for a decade or more completed speedily and the chairman of th committetes of Congress dealing with rivers, harbors and canals have their work cut out for them. They know just what bill will be signed, just what character of a bill will be vetoed and they must govern themselves accordingly.

The Dairy Industry of the United States.

According to the last year book of the Department of Agriculture, there are 21,720,000 milch cows in the United States, and these are worth $702,945,000.00. The magnitude of the industry can perhaps be best understood when it is considered that these cows produce yearly about $1,000,000,000.00 worth of diary products.

There is no other branch of diversified agriculture so important to the progress of a community. The fertility of the soil can best be maintained by the liberal use of barnyard manure and the dairy herd not only makes this possible, but dairying is also more remunerative than other branches of faraming, when properly carried on.

Dairying has made wonderful progress since the advent of the modern creamery and the consumer of butter has not only been benefitted by being furnished a more wholesome and palatable article of food, but the wife in the farm home has been relieved of the drudgery incident to making butter on the farm. Where formerly the cream was ripened and churned into butter under conditions not conducive to fine quality in the finished product and in the majority of cases by unskilled hands, now the most of the milk or cream is delivered to a modern creamery where conditions are suited to the purpose of making butter and the result has been a wonderful improvement in the quality of our dairy products. As the quality has improved consumption has increased and the progress of dairying has been remarkable during the past decade.

The perpetuity of the country's greatness depends upon increasing the production of farm products from year to year, a result which not only furnishes our people with food but maintains the prosperity of our farming communities. Increase in production can only come through improved methods of agriculture and soil improvement. When it is considered that the dairy cow is the foundation for soil improvement adn farming prosperity, her importance is best understood, and interest in her should not be confined to her owner. Seh is an important factor in the development and prosperity of our country.

PROCEEDINGS AGAINST SIBLEY.

Attempt is to be Made to Invalidate His Nomination.

Franklin, Pa., July 7.—Court proceedings were instituted here to-day to bring about an audit of the expense account of Joseph C. Sibley, who makes affidavit to having spent more than $40,000 to secure the Republican nomination for Congress in the Twenty-eighth Pennsylvania district.

The object is to invalidate the nomination of Mr. Sibley. The law under which the proceedings were instituted also provides that any person violating it shall be subject to a fine of not less than $25 nor more than $1,000 and imprisonment for not less than one month nor more than two years, either or both, at the discretion of the court.

Four petitions signed by 27 leading citizens in three of the five counties in the district alleging that Sibley's account is false, were presented to Judge George F. Caldwell here this afternoon.

They set forth that money was used unlawfully to influence voters, that all the money spent is not accounted for and that receipts are not filed.

The petitions were presented by Attorney E. C. Brenne, brother of William J. Brenne, the Democratic nominee for Congress, who is back of the attempt to turn the spotlight on Sibley's account. Attorney James S. Carmichael, representing Sibley sought to nullify the proceedings by demanding that a bond of $50,000 be filed. As the signers of the petitions are good for many times that amount, Attorney Breene opposed the suggestion saying it was absurd.

Judge Criswell said he regarded a $50,000 bond as unreasonable and suggested $5,000 as the proper amount. He said he would grant the petition on Friday. It is expected that he will have the audit begin about August 1.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Dr. F. C. Pierce is a Warren visitor this week.

Miss Lillian Booth is a guest of Bradford friends.

Albert Anderson is an Erie business visitor this week.

C. S. King of Port Allegany was a Smethport visitor yesterday.

Mrs. P. R. Cotter Eldred is visiting her daughter, Mrs. C. W. Shattuck.

Mrs. Lewis Marks and infant daughter returned home last Thursday from Bradford.

J. Dugan and son, James, of Erie are guests of the former's brother, Rev. J. F. Dugan.

Rev. Charles E. McCoy of Pittsburg is a guest of his parents, Dr. and Mrs. H. L. McCoy.

Miss Marie Purtle left last Saturday for a three weeks' visit in St. Marys and Ridgway.

Mrs. D. M. Wright of Port Allegany was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Comes over Sunday.

Miss Rachel Mayo left Saturday for a visit with friends and relatives in Elmira and Athens.

Mrs. O. J. Wetterick of Coudersport is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Connelly.

Guy Carson and Miss Tierney of St. Marys were guests of Miss Marie Purtle one day last week.

Mrs. Sheridan Gorton and daughter, Rita, returned Tuesday from a three weeks' visit in New York.

Mrs. E. R. Baker and children of Erie, are guests of the former's parents, Dr. and Mrs. H. L. McCoy.

Mrs. N. M. Day and Mabel Day who have been away for about four weeks on a vacation returned last night.

Charles Broadbent of Camden, N. J., who has been the guest of his sister, Mrs. Charles Bush returned to his home Monday.

MacArthur Gorton, who recently graduated from Bucknell college, Lewisburg, Pa., arrived home the latter part of last week.

Mrs. F. A. Shurtz and Mrs. V. J. Coleman of Port Allegany attended the funeral of the late Mrs. Daniel Acre in this borough last Friday.

Miss Mabel Shattuck who has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. H. L. Backus for the past two weeks, returned to her home in Linesville, Pa, yesterday.

Kenneth Mayo, Esq., who has been in Philadelphia taking the examination to practice law in the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, returned home Monday.

Miss Violet Chisholm who has been the guest of her brother, James Chisholm, returned to her home in Austin Tuesday.

Miss Lulu Keenan, who is an instructor in the New York City schools, arrived in town Wednesday night for a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Keenan.

State Senator and Mrs. F. E. Baldwin automobiled to Smethport Sunday and spent the day with the latter's mother, Mrs. Frances McClure, of Cemetery street.

The Rev. and Mrs. J. M. Walters and Maurice Walters drove over from Bradford this morning in their car and are spending the day with Rev. and Mrs. W. A. Harris.

Thomas Quirk, who has been identified with the West Virginia oil fields for a number of years past is the guest of his brother, James Quirk, and family. Mr. Quirk, who has been laid up as the result of severe burns which he received as the result of an accident some time ago, has about recovered from the effects of the ordeal through which he passed.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

THE CALL OF THE SEA.

"The water is fine; come in!"

From gay Atlantic City comes the call; from witching Wildwood; from Cape May in the flush of her rejuvenation; from Asbury Park and Long Branch where the rare beauty of the country with its sylvan shades meets the crests of the incoming billows; from all the wave-washed coast of New Jersey, comes the summer call of the sea.

To all these delightful resorts, the service of the Pennsylvania Railroad is high-grade and convenient. To Atlantic City, Cape May, Wildwood and Ocean City, direct connection is made via the Delaware River Bridge without transfer across Philadelphia.

To Asbury Park, Long Branch, and the Upper Coast resorts, good service is provided by through trains from Philadelphia.

The call of the sea is on. It promises a regular dividend of pleasure, and an extra grant of health and vigor to those who heed it.

Will you come?

New Spring Millinery.

Never was my line of new spring trimmed and pattern hats more complete nor the styles more beautiful. A visit to my store will put you in touch with the latest styles for spring and summer.

CARRIE CLARK.

For Sale.

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming implements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand call on or address

E. W. JONES, Liveryman.

Glass Cutters Wanted.

15 experienced men, 10 smoothers, 5 roughers. Also experienced Acid Polisher.

WAYNE CUT GLASS CO.,
Towanda, Pa.

Westbrook Commercial Academy, Ocean, N. J.

29th Year

Will open Sept. 6

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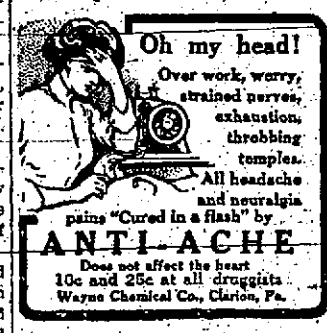

Oh my head!

Over work, worry, strained nerves, exhaustion, throbbing temples.

All headache and neuralgia pains "Cured in a flash" by

ANTI-ACHE

Does not affect the heart

10c and 25c at all druggists

Wayne Chemical Co., Clarion, Pa.

JULY SALE ON ALL Mens Shoes and OXFORDS

Buy your celebrating footwear now and save money.

Sale starts June 25th, 1910.

$5.00 and $6.00 Shoes and Oxfords.....$3.95

$4.00 Shoes and Oxfords.....$3.15

$3.50 Shoes and Oxfords.....$2.95

Everything in our Shoe Department is reduced in price. Drop in and see for yourself before buying elsewhere.

H. W. Rubin,

Smethport, Pa.

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You can get all kinds of up-to-date Magazines, Ladies Style Books, Writings of Mrs. Georgie Sheldon, Frank Merriwill's Medal Library, Nick Carter's Magnet Library, and many others too numerous to mention.

Stationery, Garden Seeds, Cigars and notions.

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DUNBAR'S AGENCY,
Crosby, McKean Co. Pa.

Tell Me

YOURWANTS

And you will be surprised at the low price of my SINKS, TUBS, ETC. Second door from the POST OFFICE.

E. W. STRONG

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of

WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINK

PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.

Main St F. H. Hungiville, SMETHPORT

SMETHPORT

INNER TUBES

Guaranteed to Give Satisfaction.

Automobile Tire Repairing, New Tires and Supplies always in Stock.

SMETHPORT RUBBER CO.

SMETHPORT, PA.

10%

Reduction On Refrigerator

FRIDAY, JULY 15th, 10 A. M.

The hardware store that has the goods with the right prices.

Daly & Garlick

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, July 14, 1910.

Local and General.

—The berry picking is now in full blast.

—Mrs. F. C. Sartwell entertained the "Country Cousins" yesterday.

—Mrs. J. W. Lee entertained the Bridge Whist Club yesterday afternoon.

—Attention is directed to the change of advertisement of Fry & Comes in this issue.

—A cement walk is to be laid in front of the property of John Rooney on Main street.

—Miss Bessie Curran has accepted a position as typewriter and stenographer at the Backus Novelty works.

—Emmett Quinlisk has accepted a position as fireman on the "Merry Widow" passenger train of the K. & S. railroad.

—Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Senn of East street are moving their household effects into the house owned by T. H. Purtle on North street.

—The Methodist Episcopal Sunday school expects to have its annual picnic during the coming week.

—The ladies Aid Society of St. Elizabeth's church will give a cooked food sale at Mrs. Bisset's store on Saturday afternoon, at 2:30 o'clock.

—There will be a fire drill of the Smethport Fire Department held tonight (Thursday) at 7 o'clock. Every member is requested to be out.

—Sunday services at the Methodist Episcopal church on Sunday as follows: Preaching at 11 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.

—Up to the time The Miner goes to press absolutely nothing has resulted in the cutlery situation in this borough, although some definite action is liable to be taken at any time.

—The "Merry Widow" train on the K. & S. railroad ran down two dogs on its trip to Larabee one evening recently, with disastrous results to the dogs. One of the animals, a hound, was killed outright, while the other, a plain every day dog, escaped by the length of his body, but here the best of friends parted, so to speak, for the wheels of the train struck the intersention of the tail and amputated the member as neatly as if it had been done by a knife.

—Dr. Clark has purchased a new buggy which is certainly a beauty. The conveyance which cost $160, is enclosed on all sides with sliding plate glass windows and is richly finished, being equipped with rubber tires, and all accessories.

—The farce "A Case of Suspension" will be reproduced on Thursday, July 21, in the M. E. chapel by the young people of the Epworth League. This is but one of the features on a very entertaining program which has been arranged. Price 25 and 15 cents. All are invited.

—John F. Ward, foreman of the Tuna Mfg. Co., Bradford, had his right leg crushed by the fall of a heavy piece of timber while working on the new Temple Beth Zion, that city, yesterday. He was taken to the Bradford hospital where it was necessary to amputate his leg between the knee and ankle.

—Ink throwers are again busy at St. Marys, and more gowns have been ruined than at any other time since this dastardly work has begun. It is thought that $250 will not cover the damage which was done to clothing and particularly light colored clothing on Saturday night.

—Although the dry spell of the past several weeks has been a most severe one, Smethport's water supply has been in no wise diminished. The reservoir has been at all times full and overflowing and it has not been necessary to place the wells, drilled by the water company last year, in commission.

—On last Saturday Justice of the Peace A. W. Colegrove had an exceedingly busy day in the matrimonial department of his business. On that day he said the words that united in marriage Marshall E. Stanton and Laura A. English of Kinzua, and Carl H. Schelander and Laura Belle Smith of Crosby.

—At a meeting of the local circle, P. H. C., held last week, the following officers were installed for the ensuing year: President, C. M. Colegrove; vice president, Mrs. T. H. Purtle; guardian, Mrs. F. C. Pierce; chaplain, Mrs. Knapp; sentinel, Sarah Conley; guide, Miss Carney; companion, Mrs. S. Green.

—On July 1st the New York Telephone Co. turned over its holdings in the Bell Telephone Co. of Pennsylvania, in Erie, Warren and McKean counties, to the Central District and Printing Telegraph company of Pittsburg. This places the Bradford district of the Bell Co., to which the Smethport service belongs, under the Pittsburg District instead of Jamestown, Elmira District, to which is previously was subserviant. No change will be made in the conduct of the business in this district with the exception that all bills for service will hereafter be rendered monthly instead of quarterly as before.

—Dennis L. Dineen of St. Marys, aged 56 years was crushed to death in the P. R. R. yards at Ridgway on Monday night of last week. Deceased was a sufferer from heart trouble and it is thought that he had been overcome on the tracks and run down. He was born in Ireland and had spent most of his life in Elk County.

—Mrs. Olmstead, mother of J. Van Waring of Crosby, sustained a slight stroke of paralysis at the home of her son Tuesday evening. Dr. Ostrander of this borough was summoned and rendered necessary medical attention. Although Mrs. Olmstead is 79 years of age, she rallied rom the shock nicely, and her speedy recovery is looked for.

—Guy McCoy, secretary of the McKean County Fair Association, and Chauffeur Frank Dunbar went to Canisteo, N. Y., Saturday in the Empire automobile, recently purchased by the Fair Association, in the interests f this year's fair. They returned home Sunday and the automobile came back from its long journey of over 200 miles in as good condition as when it started.

—The work of laying the extension of the Smethport Water company's line from this borough to King's corner, East Smethport, is progressing fast. The pipe has already been laid as far as the Pennsylvania depot and at present rate the work will be completed and the line will be ready for business in a week or ten days. A branch line has also been laid from East street the length of Northumberland avenue.

—George Barrett who was brought to the county home from Port Allegany several weeks ago, in a precarious condition, was moved to Niagara Falls, N. Y., Monday where he will be taken care of by a sister. Although it was necessary to move Mr. Barrett on a stretcher, his condition shows marked improvement over what it was when he was brought to the Home and placed under the care of County Physician Ostrander.

—While at his work at the Backus Novelty works last Saturday, Harry Lyman met with a painful accident. He was buffing a piece of metal, when the object that he was holding got caught in the cloth covering of the fastly revolving buffing wheel, with the result that the index and middle fingers of his right hand were badly cut on the piece of metal. Dr. Chadwick attended the injured members which are healing nicely.

—Mr. and Mrs. Bent Ryan and family, who have resided in this borough for several years past, have moved their household effects to St. Marys, and left for that place Tuesday, where they will make their future home. Mr. Ryan's duties as conductor on the Shawmut railroad making it necessary for him to make that place his headquarters. During their residence here Mr. and Mrs. Ryan have made many warm friends whose best wishes will go with them to their new home.

—The representatives of the McKean County Volunteer Firemen's Association will meet at the new Fire Department headquarters, Bradford, to-morrow afternoon at which a constitution and by-laws will be adopted and arrangements made for this year's meet of the Association, which will be held in Smethport Sept. 9, the last day of the McKean County Fair. The Smethpotr Fire Department will send three representatives to the meeting. A big meet of this Association is promised this year.

—The latter part of last week the Potter Gas Co. struck a good gas well on their holdings on Prospect Hill, near this borough. Gas was struck at a depth of 2100 feet but the well was put down to a depth of 2400 feet. It is the intention of this company to put down four wells on their holdings at this point during the coming summer, and work will be started at once on the location of their second well. Mr. MacRegor of Shinglehouse is the contractor who has charge of the putting down of these wells.

—A recent issue of the Cleveland Plain Dealer contains a snap-shot half-tone picture of Mrs. Emil Jahn and her nephew, Teddy, who has been the guest for a greater part of the past two years at the home of his uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. J. Clayton Backus. In the write-up this paper says: "Tied to an apron string was a reality in at least one instance. A mother who feared her child might wade into deep water restrained her progeny by tying a strong cord to the child's waist and holding tight when the youngster made for deep water."

—S. F. Redfield, publisher of The Boys' Magazine and Redfield's Stamp Weeekly, has installed in his offices a Multigraph. This complicated and costly piece of mechanism, which is a printing press and type setting machine combined, is capable of printing all kinds of commercial job printing, such as circulars and office stationary in a neat manner and at a high rate of speed, it not being necessary for the operator to have had any experience in the printing business. The machine was made necessary by the rapidly increasing office business of the Redfield publications.

—On Tuesday Mrs. F. Thomas disposed of her fruit store in the Herzog building on Main street to J. Nahara and A. Jurge. The new firm took possession of the business at once.

—The August issue of The Boys' Magazine is off the press and is being circulated among the news stands and to the subscribers. This issue consists of 26,000 copies and is one of the biggest and best yet.

—The attendants at the county home are having a rather strenuous time with George Mason who sustained a compound fracture of the leg in a runaway accident a week ago last Saturday. Mason was taken to the county home soon after the accident and Dr. Ostrander, the county physician, reduced the fracture, and although the operation was a delicate one it was accomplished successfully and everything pointed to Mason's speedy and complete ecovery. Soon after this the injured man succeeded in getting out of bed, thowing the bones out of place, and has repeated the operation several times since.

—Prince, a horse owned by E. T. Daly, the liveryman, died, literally speaking, in the harness last Saturday. Robert Daly had used the animal to drive a man to Crosby in the evening and on the return trip back to this place the horse showed signs of illness. On reaching the barn the animal was speedily unhitched and let to its stall where it soon died. Prince was of pure Arabian stock and was known as one of the best travelers in this section, being able to cover long distances with apparent ease. He was raised from a colt by Mr. Daly, having been in his possession for fourteen years and was highly prized by him. It is said that the animal's condition was such after reaching the barn from its last trip that it would secure a grip on the floor with its teeth to keep from falling while it was being unhitched. It was a plucky steed and its pluck was in no ways diminished by the approach of death.

Application for Bids for Painting and Repairing Schools in Sergeant Township.

Notice is hereby given that sealed bids for the Painting inside and out, of the Hutchins school, outside of the Burning Well, School, Varnishing inside of Halsey School, Repair of stone foundation of Amend School, and other minor repairs needed for the Schools of Seageant Twp. will be received by the School Board, until July 25th, 1910, at which time the same will be opened, and contracts awarded. The School Board reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

For details of the work to be done, and specifications, apply to the undersigned.

A. R. ANDERSON,
By order of the Board. Secretary.
June 25th, 1910. Clermont, P.
June 30—3t

For Sale.

2 gas stoves, 1 range and a heater. Used only two months. Inquire of

W. A. ANDORFER,
July 14—1t pd Smethport, Pa.

OVER 65 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

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WM. MONHEIMER.

Hot Heads

can be kept cool if you wear one of

Our Straw Hats

$1.39

will buy any $2.00, $2.50 or $3.00 Straw Hat in the store. Your size is here now—but if you wait you will loose a bargain.

MONHEIMER'S

Home Journal Patterns

Holeproof Hose

FRY & COMES.

A Great Sale SATURDAY, July 16

An oppurtunity to replenish the shirt stock is offered to the gentlemen this week by our mens wear department.

About two hundred of the famous "Cluett" and "Monarch" shirts will change hands at a big saving to the new owner.

There's variety enough to meet every demand if you come early. Don't be late however as two hundred shirts of the "Cluett" and "Monarch" quality won't last long when the prices are a fourth less than usual.

Choice of Coat or Regular Cut — Attached or Detached Cuffs —Plain neck band or Soft Collars attached.

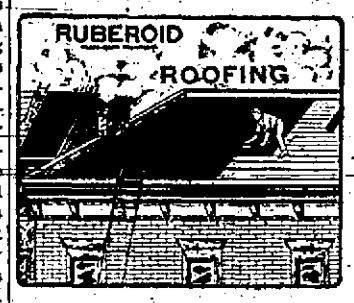
$1.50 Cluetts all sizes special at $1.10.

$1.00 Monarch all sizes special at $.75.

FRY & COMES

Smethport, - - Penna.

WHY



are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingrellient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamped on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

GOOD RESOLUTION FOR 1910.

You have probably made several good resolutions for this year but its not to late to make another—one that will promote the welfare of both yourself and your family.

Resolve to buy Drugs and Drug Store Goods at OUR Store.

You'll find that a very easy resolution to keep. After once learning how carefully we guard customers' interests you will doubtless be willing to go even out of your way to trade here. Goods of higher quality than we carry are not obtainable, and our service is one we are sure you'll appreciate. Quality considered, no one can sell at lower prices. May we serve you this year? Respectfully,

WELLS' DRUG STORE

EDISON Phonograph as HOME ENTERTAINER.

It affords pleasure at all times to both young and old, and no home is complete without one. Our stock of records is the largest in the city and is of endless variety, of over Five Thousand selections.

Our "Easy payment Plan" makes it possible for any family to own one of these wonderful entertainers.

It brightens the home and brings happinees to both young and old.

Edison Phonographs $15.00 and up.
" Amberole records 50c each,
" Standard " 35c "
Catalogue free upon request.
Come in and let us explain our "Easy payment Plan."

Palace Pharmacy,
Headquarters for Talking Machines, records and supplies.

BROWNELL

NEXT DOOR TO GRANGE BANK

NO Dry Goods, Liquors or Hardware

BUT EVERYTHING IN GROCERIES

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

A MIRACLE FROM THE SEA.

How a Ray of Sunlight Gave Inspiration to a Genius.

By EMMA ARCHER OSBORNE.

(Copyright, 1900, by American Press Association.)

On a summer day, one calculated to make the average mortal glad if he were near the sea, the beach at Craghead was deserted, save for a solitary man who, in waiting attitude, paced the yellow strip of sand, with long, springy steps.

He was tall and strongly built—a man of twenty-eight or thereabouts—and with broad shoulders. His feet and hands were large, and the latter bore evidences of common toil.

To his left lay Craghead, an estate of great acreage and beauty, but as he strode on he never so much as turned his head toward it.

Near the Inlet, the adjoining estate, he seated himself on a bowlder

"I WOULD GO WITH YOU GLADLY!"

and took from his pocket a letter which he unfolded, scanning it anxiously the while. Rapidly his eyes covered its contents. They were brief, and he had read them so often it was not necessary to follow word for word. The letter ran:

Dear Phil—Do, please, put your pride in your pocket and come to the dear old beach once more. Come today, for I must see you. Yours, ISABELLE.

"I wonder what it is now," he mused impatiently, and he slowly tore the letter into fragments and cast bit by bit to the caprice of the breeze.

Then he raised himself and looked out upon the sea.

"I'll win out yet!" he cried ironically. "I'll fetch them over! But not for all the Benton millions would I give up my work—good, hard work. Oh, the satisfaction of living one's own way! The wholesome joy of earning one's own bread! The freedom from being eternally branded 'a rich man's son!'"

"Phil! Phil!"

A girl in a white dress came running down a pathway in the rocks. She ran with such speed that the suspicion of love attached to her little white shoes. There was no interval of waiting on the part of the man. The brawny figure of Benton barred to meet her and their greeting was affectionate, for he took her in his arms and kissed her. She looked at him like one who trusted in him and loved him.

"I'm so glad you have come," she cried happily, "even though it is the eleventh hour. Tomorrow it would have been too late."

"Too late! What do you mean?" he asked, drawing back sharply. The look in his eyes had been tender. At her words it grew alert and tense.

"What do I mean?" she repeated. "Why, is it possible you have not heard? Haven't they told you? They said they had."

"I have not heard anything. I have not seen any of them since the—since father died. Tell me, Isabelle, what new foolishness is brewing."

"Take me away with you now—today, Phil," she begged. "They are determined that I shall marry Donald. Mother has her heart set on it and threatens all manner of things when I rebel. Donald is positively persecuting in his attentions, and I loathe him—even though he is your brother. I cannot help it. Think of the injustice of the will. He gloats over it."

She spoke rapidly, excitedly, glancing now and then in the direction from whence she had come as if in fear of being interrupted before she had finished her plea.

"So that's the latest devilry?" he blurted, and held her hands so tightly that he hurt them. "They're going to throw me down again, are they?" His voice grew hard as the look in his face.

He sprang to his feet and stood glowering at Craighead.

"They have taken my birthright from me; they have maligned my good name! they have scoffed at and scorned me, humbled and belittled me immeasurably, merely because I choose to follow my own inclinations in the matter of occupation. But I swear they shall not take you from me!"

The girl's face brightened as she stood beside him.

"Then I shall go with you—today!" she exclaimed, clinging to him. "In spite of all I can say or do, mother is giving a dinner tomorrow to announce my engagement to Donald. In a month we leave for Europe, and it is arranged that I shall marry him early this autumn. Oh, it is unendurable! It seems as if I shall die if I do not escape it all!"

"I will not take you away," he snapped, yet tenderly clutching at and restraining locks of her yellow hair that the breeze was playing with. "I never stole anything in my life, and I positively refuse to steal my wife. Donald already has everything that rightfully belongs to me, but he shall not have you, my Isabelle—I say he shall not have you!"

His voice was tremulous with anger, though his eyes dwelt fondly on her tear stained face.

"I would go with you voluntarily—gladly!"

"No, no! It would amount to the same thing, dearest," he replied in a determined voice. "There shall be no elopement for us. And when we marry it shall be with your mother's consent. Besides," he added, with sudden dejection, "I cannot now provide a suitable home for you. I couldn't ask you to live on my present income."

"That doesn't matter," she broke out graciously. "There's my income. We couldn't use half of it."

She caught his reproving look and flushed. "You are so delightfully independent, Phil!" And she smiled a wan little smile, which was quickly followed by a look of distress.

They conversed long and earnestly, and when they parted he admonished her to "be brave and to trust in him." A mighty portion of his strength of character seemed to have been cast upon her, for with each and every step that took her further and further from him her will and her trust increased. It was with blazing eyes and with clinched little fists that she re-entered the halls of the Inlet, muttering to herself: "I shall not yield to them. Let them do their worst!"

A month had passed. The man was again on the sands of Craghead, but he was alone. A big ship was slipping swiftly down the channel toward the open sea. If the vision of the gazer on the beach could have reached far enough he would have seen a forlorn little figure on the ship with straining eyes turned in his direction.

"Oh, to know what to do!" he sighed, turning at last from his vigil.

He paced the sands with heart and brain afire in an effort to conceive an avenue to wealth. Six weeks before he had laughed at poverty. It was different now since the homemaking instinct had been keenly aroused within him.

For generations the Benton men had engaged in professional careers or as capitalists. From the time Philip Benton could use his hands and brain he had displayed a penchant for the baser metals. When a baby he reached for the chandeliers, for the buckles on harness, for the wheels of his carriage. When a child he took to hammers and nails, bits of glass and the like. He dissected watches and clocks while his brother Donald rode his pony. He constructed embryonic machinery while Donald played tennis. He sought out the motive power of engines and steamships while Donald visited art galleries and indulged in polo, and on entering his university had disappointed the family by selecting a course in engineering and metallurgy instead of adopting the law and the classics.

By every means devisable pressure was brought to bear to induce Benton to abandon his distasteful vocation, but to no avail. Instead, he applied himself the more diligently to the hot, noisy, greasy machine shop, keeping apart from his kin altogether. It was but little wondered at therefore when, at his father's death, the name of this pariah was not included in the list of heirs and beneficiaries.

In bitterness Benton had listened to the reading of his father's will, and in bitter defiance he had held his peace. There was general surprise that he did not enter legal protest, but he was no money worshiper, and he found solace within himself and his purpose—and Isabelle. Isabelle Fielding had been his greatest comfort and inspiration.

"One Benton, alone and unaided, laid the foundation of all their wealth, and I guess I can at least take care of myself," he had remarked derisively.

It had therefore been a matter of pocketing pride when, at Isabelle's bidding, he had again visited the beach at Craghead. But it was withal a pleasure and doubly so to meet again the girl he loved at the dear old trysting place. Isabelle had played with him there in their childhood days, and it was there they had repeatedly told their love each for the other.

And today he had irresistibly been drawn there to watch the ship which carried her out to sea with the cruel object of snatching her from him.

Long after the vessel passed from view, even after her smoke had merged with the mists of the ocean, Benton remained, his attitude was that of dejection.

His career as a mechanic was satisfactory, as mechanical careers go, for a beginner. His university preparation and steady application had made him apt for advancement, and his inventive genius augured good. But so occupied had he been in the pursuit of invention that marriage had seemed remote. Now he smiled bitterly when he thought of tenderly nurtured Isabelle Fielding living on his meager income. True, she was rich, but he would support his wife himself. He would not have it otherwise.

Once since that first day he had met her on the beach and had cheered her, for he was alive with the fire of determination to thwart Donald Benton's ambitions. The avenue which was to lead to success, however, remained discouragingly invisible.

The boom of a cannon aroused Benton. A warship, stately and majestic, had turned from the city and was putting to sea. She was magnificent in her grandeur, and her bristling guns alone would ordinarily have aroused Benton to enthusiastic admiration, but he scarcely noticed them now.

He glanced at the sun and saw it was time to be turning toward the city. Once again he looked seaward, and a great sigh, born of his solitude, filled his breast. Impulsively he stretched his arms toward the vastness into which his heart had vanished.

"Oh, God," he cried wearily, "work a miracle for love's sake!"

He climbed the rocks and had gained the summit when there were more cannon volleys. The warship and a nearby fort were exchanging courtesies. Benton glanced disinterestedly in their direction and was about to continue his progress when something caught and held his attention—something on the ship.

It was the gun turrets that he looked at.

The rays of the descending sun shot full length along the grim dogs of war perched high above the ship's main deck. As the sun sank toward the hills beyond the radiance departed from the cannon, and still Benton's eyes followed them, even until they and the ship were far too distant to any longer be discernible.

Then, like one suddenly possessed with an inspiration, he snatched a memorandum book from his pocket, dropped down on to the rocks and commenced to sketch and to figure.

Rapidly and excitedly he worked with his pencil. He traced straight lines and dotted lines. He drew curves and circles and made queer looking jagged marks, covering page after page of the little book. There were front views, side elevations and cross sections with figures and notes jotted irregularly here and there. He seemed to be striving for some conclusion or a plan.

The big red sun slipped from view, and the rosy afterglow turned to violet and from violet to gray. Lighthouses blinked their alternate lights, and daylight grew so dim that Benton was obliged to bend his face close to the paper to enable him to see.

He had been sitting motionless for a long time when he suddenly leaped to his feet with a wild, glad cry and dashed down on to the beach with the little book clutched tightly in his hand.

"I have it!" he shouted. "I have it!" And he threw himself face downward on the sand.

"God!" he cried in a half sob. "The miracle has emerged from out the sea—for love's sake!"

It was not altogether for the purpose of extending grants at fabulous royalties on his invention of mining machinery that Phil Benton found himself in London a few weeks later. Isabelle Fielding was there.

And never was that homely old maxim "Nothing succeeds like success" more applicable than in the case of Benton, for, since the newspapers were spreading the greatness of his achievement, Mrs. Fielding had hastened to renew acquaintance.

Benton was dining with Mrs. Fielding and Isabelle one evening.

"The mechanical principle was suggested to me by the revolving guns in the turrets of a warship," he was explaining. "It was the day you sailed," turning to Isabelle. "I was on the beach at Craghead, my heart fairly wrenched from me as your ship passed from sight."

IT WAS THE GUN TURRETS THAT HE SAW.

"But you have had great compensation for Isabelle's absence," satirically interposed Mrs. Fielding.

"Only partial," he replied seriously, "only a very small part. Indeed, there is no compensation for Isabelle's absence."

He reached over and covered one of Isabelle's hands with his own, looking the while at Mrs. Fielding with pleading eyes.

The mother heart capitulated. Besides, she had grown weary of battling for Donald, and, after all, Phil Benton had won a name for himself and was rapidly winning a fortune. She answered his look with a smile and a nod toward the happy girl.

"You have my consent," she said.

SWORDS OF JAPAN

Old Samurai Blades Are Looked Upon as Sacred.

HANDLED WITH REVERENCE.

A Curious Formula of Etiquette Follows When "the Steel Bible of Bushido" Is Drawn From Its Sheath by a Hand Which Grasps It in Peace.

If one were in a friend's house in Japan and should ask to examine one of the old samurai swords that rest in the lacquered sword rack in a place of honor there a curious formula of etiquette would be followed by the host.

He would go to a closet and return with a little square of silk in his hand. This he would wrap about the shark-skin handle of the sheathed sword before touching his bare hand to the sheath. Then, with his right hand grasping the silk covered handle and the fingers of his left gingerly raising the lacquered hilt from the rack, the Japanese host would lift the sword to the level of his forehead and bow to it.

All this in reverential spirit and with utmost gravity. The square of silk, preserved for no purpose but this and having its own name in the Japanese vocabulary, is to prevent the defilement of the handle by a hand which grasps it in peace. The bow is meant for the spirit of the swordsmith who forged this weapon. The reverence is for the sword itself, "soul of the samurai," in the Japanese poetical conception and aptly called by foreigners "the steel Bible of Bushido."

But this is only the beginning of the formality. When the Japanese host unsheaths the blade he does it with the edge toward his own body and the point directed away from his guest. When the guest receives the sword in his own hands he must be careful to keep the outer edge always away from the direction of his friend the host. If he wishes to examine both sides of the blade he must even turn his back so that never will the menace of the sharpened edge be directed toward his friend.

After the examination is completed the sword is returned to its scabbard, and the owner receives it with another bow and places it once more on its rack.

The etiquette of the sword is no empty thing. With the high spirited Japanese, who have not forgotten the many centuries of chivalry and of hand fighting behind them, the delicately curved and curiously welded sword of the samurai has a significance almost sacred. There is a philosophy of the sworn no less stern than the use of the weapon.

In the old days when the Japanese fighters wore the war masks and the steel armor seen nowadays in the curiosity shops the boy was taught that as the shining blade must be kept free from spot and corruption, so must his soul be ever clean. Neglect of the blade brings rust; neglect of the soul an impure character.

Then the sharp edge was held not only as a constant guardian of personal safety and honor, but as a sacred disciplinarian, to punish whenever its possessor stepped from the narrow path of the Yamato spirit of chivalry. Again, the sword was emblematical of true gentility; which is never overbearing or vulgar in deportment, but sternly self repressive.

No man knows when first the forge for fighting weapons was set up in the dawn of Japanese history nor who was the man who first replaced the rude bronze blades of a primitive folk by the tempered steel of the Yamato blade. There is in the imperial collection of swords at the castle of Nara the weapon worn by the Crown Prince Shotoku, who compiled the constitution of seventeen articles in A. D. 603, the oldest sword known in Japan. From that weapon, which was straight and not curved as all other swords of Nippon are, down to the fall of the Tokugawa shogunate in the middle of the last century there is an unbroken history of the art of the swordsmith. Twelve centuries of recorded art in swordmaking and the names of over 10,000 makes constitute the history of the sword in Japan.

The Japanese blade, placed almost on a par with the Damascus product in art and utility, differs from the Arabian weapon in one material detail of manufacture. Instead of having a uniform high temper, which gives the remarkable flexibility possessed by the Damascus blade, the Japanese sword has two tempers, a hard and a mild steel.

The edge of the blade is hard with the finest temper, the body and back of a milder temper, sufficient to give some elasticity. A Japanese sword cannot be bent half double with the pressure of a hand; it is nearly rigid.

Though sword manufacture has ceased to be in Japan today outside of the government arsenals, which turn out only the accepted military blade of the modern army, the country is filled with prized relics of the past art, and these are relics which the Japanese will not sell. A possessor of one of the old swords, keen and blue white in luster as the day it was forged, would sell his house, even himself maybe, before he would part with his iron Bible of Bushido for money.—Japan Magazine.

Starting the Trouble.

Mabel—Did he stutter when he proposed? Ethel—No. I don't think so Mabel—Really! He must have improved.—London Punch.

Great minds have purposes; others have wishes.

TIME FREIGHT CARS.

Traced by Hourly Reports the Whole Length of Their Run.

A freight car is essentially common property. It has to go from one line to another in the course of its business. It has to carry loads from Jacksonville, Fla., to Spokane, Wash.; from Phoenix, Ariz., to Augusta, Me. If all the freight cars in the United States were owned by one big company and if that company charged the railroads for the exact amount of use which they made of each car the situation would theoretically be more reasonable than it is today.

But in any case the wanderings of freight cars will always entail an enormous amount of labor with ink and pencil and telegraph key and typewriter and long distance telephone, writes William Hard in the Technical World Magazine.

The modern hunter of freight cars is not satisfied with knowing where all the cars on his own lines are at the end of each day's run. Modern business life has become so rapid that in the case of certain kinds of freight it is necessary to know just where each car is every few hours. This kind of freight is called time freight.

Ordinary freight is dead freight. Time freight consists only of certain materials. These materials run alphabetically all the way from asbestus through cranberries, egg case fillers, ink, peanuts and varnish, down to zinc. All cars in time freight trains are reported by telegraph from all division points.

You can stand in front of a big board on the wall—it is like the board in a stockbroker's office except that it has little holes in it—and watch the progress of the cars in a time freight train from point to point. As the telegrams come in the pegs are moved from hole to hole. If you started a carload of varnish from Chicago to Omaha last night you can come in today and see just where that car is. You can watch it all the way to Omaha on the board.

It is a cruel humiliation for the freight car. It used to be a wild stray animal, but now it is tamed and domesticated. Just as we now have municipal lodging houses for tramps, so we have telegraph record boards for freight cars. Pretty soon nobody will be able to escape from the authorities. It is only occasionally under modern methods a freight car tracer has to go out and bring it home by force.

THE STOMACH.

Its Power to Resist Its Own Gastric Juices Is a Puzzle.

One of the greatest questions disturbing the minds of physiologists both past and present is that of the stomach's digesting powers. It is asked why the stomach does not digest itself. It is well known that gastric juices have the power to digest the tissue of which the stomach is made. One of the things actually manufactured by the body, secreted in the glands near the stomach and poured into it, is hydrochloric acid, a powerful agent that will eat up almost anything. Why it does not eat the stomach up is problematical.

It is known that a stomach from a dead animal or man can be digested by a living man. It has been found out also that when a man is killed accidentally and his stomach is in the process of digesting, if the body be kept warm, his whole stomach will be digested and possibly, too, adjacent organs, as liver, pancreas, etc. From this it was argued that the "principle of life" kept the process from going on in a living being. Subsequently, however, this was proved to be untrue. A living frog was put in an unconscious condition and his leg inserted through a small hole in a dog's stomach, the dog being alive and well. It was found that the frog's leg was wholly digested in the process, although living. So the last reason conceivable was proved incapable of explaining the phenomenon.

About the only conclusion left is that the stomach does gradually actually eat itself up, but that it is being constantly rebuilt. However, as this experiment is hard to perform and as no results have so far been announced in this direction, we are left in a state of absolute ignorance, and all we can do is to be devoutly thankful to Providence that our stomachs do not digest themselves except in the ordinary course of human events.—Lawrence Hodges in New York Tribune.

In Doubt.

Editor—Look here, what sort of writing is this in your story?

Reporter—What's wrong with it, sir?

Editor—You say in your account of this party where they had fun with a bashful guest, "As his intended partner swept past gracefully the others brushed by to scour the place for the timid victim of the game, who had lost courage and dusted." Say, are you writing about a social party or a housecleaning exhibition?—New York Journal.

A Lesson in Anatomy.

A professor at one of our universities is very witty upon occasion.

A medical student once asked if there were not some works on anatomy more recent than those in the college library.

"Young man," said the professor, "there have not been many new bones added to the human body during the last ten years."—London Standard.

Blows His Own Horn.

"What kind of a fellow is Griggs?"

"He's one of those chaps who can do anything."

"Quite talented?"

"Yes, he's quite inclined to toot it."

"Oh!"—Boston Herald.

State.
Governor—Edwin S. Stuart.
State Treasurer—John O. Sisson.
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Secretary of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.
Members and County.
President Judge—Joseph G. Bowman, Smethport.
Members of Congress—C. F. Barclay, Mansfield.
State Senator—Frank M. Baldwin, Austin.
Members of Assembly—James A. McDonald, Smethport; E. W. Hilton, Smethport.
District Attorney—Guy E. Mayo, Smethport.
Sheriff—Wm. B. Morrison, Smethport.
Prothonotary—M. S. Stanley, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Chase, Smethport.
Register—J. E. Shattuck, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—Frank M. Foster, Smethport.
County Treasurer—F. P. Isherwood, Bradford.
Commissioners—A. M. Marsh, Bradford (Wp.); W. A. Peterson, Bradford; John F. Devitt, Bradford.
Commissioners' Clerk—A. B. Wardle, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—H. H. Adair, Bradford; W. C. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—A. A. Abbey, Smethport; A. B. Anderson, Clermont; A. M. Carr, Centerville.
Coroner—E. E. Sherman, Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burlette S. Hayle.
Borough.
Burgess—S. H. Cleveland.
Council—E. E. Heath, President; F. M. Blaver, Secretary; J. D. Wells, E. W. Workley, C. H. Benning, F. L. Sherburne, J. C. Backus, H. H. Bates.
Justices—E. C. Gleason, A. W. Colegrove.
Constable—C. H. Hyde.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; F. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Specht, treasurer; John H. Eastman, H. H. Mosher, John Clark.
Collector—E. C. Gleason.
Assessor—C. H. Hyde.
Auditors—J. A. Swanson, C. B. Corwin, W. E. Stark.
Judge of Election—H. M. Rubin.
Inspectors of Election—A. T. Daly, R. M. McClure.

LODGE DIRECTORY.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 328, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 8:15 o'clock p. m., at Masonic Hall, Main street.
RALPH E. BURDICK, W. M.
W. I. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 320, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
MARTIN CARLSON, N. G.
W. G. HOLDEN, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 273, meets the first and last Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
J. C. CUNNINGHAM Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.
LYDIA ABBEY, Com.
BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE Pres.
ESTELLA B. GALLUP, Secretary.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and Third Thursdays in each month, in Odd Fellows' Hall.
EMMA M. BAYLE, W. M.
MRS. R. E. BURDICK, W. M.

I. O. H. M.—Meets every other Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree every 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
EARL HAFNER, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

CHURCHES.

Methodist Episcopal.—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 p. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday School at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional services at 8 a. m. except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saints Memorial Chapel—East Smethport, Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's aCtholic Church—J. F. Dugan, pastor. Services at 10:30 a. m.

Wesleyan Methodist Church—J. B. Tiffany, pastor. Services at the Baptist church every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30.

A. T. Palmer
Agent for Empire Drill Co.
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IN THE BLOOD.

Showing That Love For the Stage Is Inherited.

By STACY E. BAKER.

[Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.]

Miss Constance eyed her niece severely, her usually calm face drawn to stern, unapproving lines. "Never mention the subject again," she finished decisively. "The stage! The very idea!" The three ringlets hanging primly from each side of the high brow bobbed in grotesque emphasis.

Little Marie Durthy's pretty cheeks reddened indignantly. "You are just naturally prejudiced," she asserted petulantly. "There is positively no use in trying to reason with you, for I don't suppose you were ever at an opera or musical comedy in all your life."

The face of Miss Constance, plain in its Puritan contour, flushed hotly. "That is my business!" she snapped. "On the other hand, I am your guardian and responsible for your future. Let me hear no more of this foolish wish to become an actress—a cantatrice."

"You place me in school with special musical instructors," answered the girl, "and now that I have developed a voice you don't intend that I shall use it. Do you think that I want to live on your charity forever? When mother died she left me in your care, but she would never have done this could she have seen her way clear to have done something else with me."

"I tell you again, young lady, that I am heartily sick of this foolish talk, and if I hear more of it I'll take you away from here and place you in a convent."

"I don't care," snapped the girl, rebelliously sullen. "I'd as soon be in a convent as anywhere else if I can't go on the stage."

"You shall never have my consent to become an actress," came emphatically from Miss Constance, "nor shall I

BUT WHAT A CHANGED MISS CONSTANCE!

come here to see you again this term. You will spend your vacation, as usual, right here. Primrille, as I have told you, is a quiet, sedate little village. You would scandalize it—disgrace me."

"Don't worry," came from Marie. "I had rather—much rather—stay here."

From earliest infancy the diminutive Marie had longed for a footlight career. She could still remember her little mother's look of horror whenever she had broached the subject and the tears in her eyes as she had insisted that her daughter put away all ideas of the stage.

But Marie's ambition had been above the maternal command. At the death of her mother—she had never remembered her father—she had slyly insinuated to the maiden aunt who had come out of the east that her path in life was predestined. It was enough. Miss Constance, terribly shocked, had at once placed her in a boarding school. She had been there ever since. She began to believe that she would die subject to the stern rules of the institution.

Only in the long vacation did the discipline relax, and it was during the summer before, when the Argus eyes of the principal were tolerant, that Marie had met one to fan the sleeping spark of her dearest wish to a greedy flame.

Mabel Morley, only a bit older than Marie, was a chorus girl. Had Miss Henley, the principal, referred to, known this she would have broken the intimacy existing between the two. But she didn't. To the angular Minerva of the boarding school Mabel was a rather pretty girl, of full form and with a baby face and blue eyes that seemed all innocence. The yellow hair of the maid was worn down her back in girlish braids.

Mabel was from the city, and she visited an aged grandmother residing near the boarding school. She and Marie were friends of two vacations, and Marie alone of all in Clementville, the town wherein the school was located, knew the girl's secret—knew that she was of the stage.

Two years of this friendship could only result in one thing, and the terrorized principal awoke one morning to find the chamber of her star pupil unoccupied. Marie Durthy had responded to the call of the stage.

With some little money saved from her allowance and in company with the chorus girl Marie was taking her first peep at things in Gotham long before Miss Hanley was aware of her flitting.

"I'm going to take you to Rollins," exclaimed the chorus girl the morning after the two arrived in New York. "He has a keen eye for talent as well as form, and he can, if you make a hit with him, place you in the 'pony' ballet. Rehearsals start tomorrow at the Rotterdam, you know."

Rollins, ballet master of national prominence, welcomed Mabel enthusiastically. She was to have a speaking part this season in "The Mermaid," a rival production, but Rollins was above petty jealousies. He listened to the girl's plea for her friend, all the while playing analytic eyes upon the newcomer. Under other conditions it would have been embarrassing to the girl.

"We have over 100 girls in the 'Nymph and the Naiad,'" volunteered Rollins, his lean face alight, "and, by Jove, every one of them can sing. I'll give you a tryout on the piano. If you don't make good it's nix to you in our gentle merry-merry, although I don't mind doing Mabel a favor provided it doesn't pull down the standard of the show."

Marie, although a bit frightened, had a truly clever voice and one trained beyond those of the usual aspirants. She "made good."

As the girl, flushed with pleasure, turned to go a sound came to her that seemed to freeze the red blood in her heart. She stood in a strained attitude listening. Rollins glanced at her curiously.

"Are you such an admirer of genius," he scoffed, "that the mere voice of Connie Durant can turn you into a white statue?"

"Connie Durant!" gasped the girl. "Who is she?"

"She has never heard of Connie Durant!" came from the ballet master in more than simulated horror. "Lord, child! Where have you been all these years? Miss Durant is the bright and particular star of the 'Nymph and the Naiad' and probably the highest salaried artiste on the American stage. She comes of a family of actors. Her mother, grandmother and great-grandmother were all on the boards, and the sprightly antics of the vivacious Connie are household topics. Still you ask, 'Who is Connie Durant?' For shame, girl!"

The terrorizing voice grew in volume as its owner came nearer. Of whom did it remind Marie? Of whom but—

"Marie!"

The girl turned quickly and glanced into the horrified eyes of her aunt.

Miss Constance eyed her niece severely. But what a changed Miss Constance! The prim, old fashioned curls; coiled ropes of hair and tortoise shell back comb were gone, and in their place rested a low, modish wave. The ancient dress always worn by the aunt while visiting the school—that hideous furbelowed monstrosity, the shame of her relative and the delight of the other scholars—had given way to a delightful creation whispering of the gay city across seas. A slim hand, with tapering, well manicured fingers, rested lightly on the arm of a tall cavalier, who was now gazing at his beautiful companion curiously.

Miss Constance, metamorphosed into this dazzling vision all of twenty years younger than the sallow faced aunt Marie had known, continued to stare at her frightened niece with great round eyes of amazement. The voice of the woman had told the secret of her identity. But for this the runaway would not have known her.

"Why that pose, Connie?" asked the amused companion of the actress. "Have you found in the young lady an embryo genius?" He turned amusedly to the girl. "You're in luck, kid," he ventured, with a laugh. "The great Connie has looked upon you with positive interest, and you may expect to take wonderful strides along histrionic paths from now on."

"No comedy, Thoinson," snapped the one indicated as the "great Connie." "As usual, you are rather of an ass."

"Granted, gracious lady," came from the mummer. He swung his hat in a grandiloquent bow. "Granted. Think you, fair mistress, that I would be a good comedian were it not so?"

The woman ignored him.

"Marie," she said briefly, "there are explanations to be made. I want you to come with me."

It was then that the boarding house miss recovered her voice. "Right, dear auntie," she said sweetly. "I think that there are explanations to be made."

Over luncheon in an expensive restaurant stories were exchanged.

"Your mother," began the actress, gazing across the table and into the admiring eyes of the girl, "was an artiste—a theatrical star—before she married your father. Our family have always been of the stage, but it was her ambition to have you grow up just like ordinary girls and away from the footlights.

"She made me promise to keep my identity from you until you were safely married and anchored in some good man's home. Therefore I adopted the old maid aunt role and placed you in a boarding school. Your future has been a problem that has driven me almost crazy. Hereditary influences, however, have made my word to your mother a futile promise. Our family are fate marked to be of the stage. It is folly to fight against it.

"You may accept a place in the chorus if you wish. I will arrange your progress as your aptitude dictates." The woman finished and looked wearily about her. "The blood taint," she almost whispered—"how silly to fight it!"

A KING'S SECRET.

He Changed His Principles, but Could Not Change His Record.

By THOMAS R. DEAN.

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[European history, beginning with the storming of the Bastille in Paris to the battle of Waterloo, embraces more startling romances than any other period. All the remarkable careers of that remarkable period were skyrockets save one. Among the parvenu kings and queens created by the little Corsican or through his influence, the descendants of none sit on a throne today save those of the king of Sweden. The motif of the following story is historical and needs no embellishment. It is in itself a subject for a great drama.]

"Jean, I have heard that instead of following in my footsteps, remaining on the farm and being a notary like your father, you are pining to be a soldier. Know, my son, that the life you would choose is one of hardship. When the first enthusiasm has worn off you will have nothing to repay you for the rigid discipline, the hard marches, the wounds that you will receive, and there is every chance that your life will be short."

These words were spoken at a time when the first mutterings of revolution were heard in France. The family were peasants. The father attended to petty law cases, but did not rise above his class. Jean was but fifteen years old when thus admonished to let soldiering alone, but there was in him a spirit too adventurous to permit him to remain a ploughboy, and he entered as a private in the king's marines. When he marched away his parents and all the household shook their heads as much as to say, "You will soon be very homesick, my boy, but will not be permitted to come back to us."

Jean was sent to an island in the Mediterranean sea the same year that

"I CHOOSE TO BE BLED FROM THE LEFT ARM."

a certain boy, eleven years old, was sent to school in France. These two boys, the one but four years older than the other, were destined to play an important part in each other's life.

Young Jean served two years on the island, then was sent to the East Indies, where he was wounded and taken prisoner. Returning to France, his family, hoping that his experience had been enough to crush his soldierly ambition, made another effort to induce him to remain with them. But he was promoted to be sergeant, and this decided him to enlist for another term.

Soon after the revolution broke out Jean was with his regiment in Marseilles. His colonel, attempting to subdue a mob, was surrounded and would have been killed had not the young sergeant whom he had promoted harangued the crowd, calmed them and saved his commander.

Jean was present at another scene, perhaps the most important which took place during that eventful period. His regiment was drawn up on the Place de la Revolution in Paris in a hollow square, the center being occupied by a guillotine. Presently the wheels of a tumbrel (two wheeled cart) were heard rolling over the stones, and in it was standing the king of France. Jean saw him mount the scaffold and his head drop into a basket. By his presence as a guard the boy aided and abetted the execution, thus constituting himself a regicide.

When the regiment was marched back to the barracks Jean, who had become a stanch revolutionist, in order to commemorate the scene in which he had taken part tattooed on his right arm a guillotine with a figure lying upon it. Underneath were the words, "Death to Kings and Tyrants!"

The surest road to advancement at this time was by means of the revolution. Jean, a furious Republican, was raised from one rank to another till he became a major general. But it was not his political affiliations alone that caused his advancement. He fought the enemies of his country on the Rhine and showed himself a brave and skillful officer. Meanwhile that same boy who had come to France to school when Jean was going to the island had risen in the military service and had been given command of a force opposing the enemies of France in Italy. Jean was sent at the head of 20,000 men to aid the young commander of this army at the southward.

Then followed two decades that must remain in history the most remarkable epoch of modern times. These two young men—one of them the conqueror of Europe, the other one of his most efficient assistants—were related by marriage. Their interests were identical, but they never got on together. The one lost his interest in the deposing of the tyrant king except so far as it left a vacancy for him to slip into as emperor. The other for a time, either through a natural leaning toward the motto, "Death to Kings and Tyrants!" or seeing that his chief was absorbing the state into himself, opposed him. But both in time got loose from their moorings and from revolutionists became monarchists.

During this shaking up of the kingdoms of Europe one of the thrones—it was electoral—became vacant. The notary's boy had fought on their territory and had been kind to the people. Owing to his connection with the great conqueror he was taken up as a candidate and elected king. And so it was that Jean Baptiste Jules Bernadotte, a French peasant, who had stood guard while his king was executed, who had tattooed on his arm the motto "Death to Kings and Tyrants!" became King of Sweden.

And now those words became obnoxious to him. When the king took off his underclothes before going to bed, there on his arm was the picture of the guillotine with the motto beneath. When they had been placed there, who would have guessed that fate intended taking up this peasant soldier and one day placing him on a throne? The king was rich and would gladly have given liberally of his gold to any one who would remove the picture and the words. There was no surgeon in those days so skillful that he could remove them, and, though today tattoo work may be so deadened as to be ordinarily invisible, on rubbing the skin it will faintly reappear to confront the one who would banish it.

One day the king fell ill. The royal physicians were sent for and decided that his majesty must be bled. The king raised the sleeve on his left arm.

"We usually bleed a patient on the right arm, your majesty," said the operator.

"And will not blood taken from the left serve as well?" the king asked shortly.

"It may be."

"Then draw it from the left."

"Perhaps it is custom, your majesty, perhaps because the left arm is nearer the heart, that physicians bleed from the right."

"I choose to be bled from the left arm," insisted the king, by this time showing a choleric redness in the face.

They bled his majesty as he directed, and he recovered. When again he needed bleeding another physician was called. Again the king bared his left arm. The physician asked him to raise the right sleeve. This time his majesty had lost some of his patience.

"Bleed me where I direct!" he thundered. "Do you suppose that I, who have commanded on many battlefields and detested taking orders from the emperor himself, am to be dictated to by a surgeon?"

The king's command was obeyed.

And so it came to pass that the story got abroad in the palace that the king would never submit to be bled from his right arm. It was repeated in whispers, and all who heard it wondered. The king never heard it, but he dreaded lest by what must seem his strange action he had excited comment.

When his majesty arose in the morning, unlike other sovereigns, he must need exclude his chamberlains and his gentlemen of the bedchamber. Not even a valet could be admitted during the change from night to day clothes or during the bath lest the blue picture of the guillotine and the words beneath be seen and the secret come out. Who knows but the knowledge that the king was thus chained to the murder of a king spread among his people might cause a sensation that would end in revolution? And how would end the revolution? Well might his majesty shudder and see in the tattooed guillotine a picture of his own end.

And so the king lived, chained, as it were, to the scene in which he had assisted in his early youth and which now he would love to forget. Even though he seldom saw the picture and the motto he knew that they were on his arm. At times as he grew old and was losing the strength that had enabled him to help build up an empire the blue characters on his arm would seem like a serpent coiled there. How often at night in the loneliness of his chamber he cried out at the ever present witness of his inglorious change of principle was not known, for his majesty slept alone.

At last the king fell ill and this time knew that the hand of death was upon him. His secret would be known. His crown he could not take with him, and he did not care to take it. One thing only he would like to take, and that was those tattoo marks he had pricked on his arm with a needle and India ink. But this memento of his past, this link that bound him to the dethronement and murder of a sovereign he could no more carry with him than the insignia of royalty.

The king died. When a mental went to the death chamber to prepare the body to lie in state and be viewed by his majesty's subjects, on baring the chest and arms he saw the picture of the guillotine and read the words below:

"Death to Kings and Tyrants!"

THE BOTTLE MESSAGE.

A Story Illustrative of the Value of an Advertisement.

By HAROLD OTIS.

[Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.]

Cruising in my pleasure boat off the coast of New Jersey, I was one day drifting with scarcely enough breeze to fill my sails when off the port bow I saw a bottle bobbing up and down in the water. When I came near it I noticed that the opening was covered with some substance of a bright red color. Steering the boat so that I would pass near it, I reached for it and brought it aboard.

So many bottles containing messages are thrown overboard by persons at sea who have nothing better to do that I would not have taken much interest in this one had it not been carefully sealed with red wax. Under the wax a cork had been driven into the neck. I smashed the glass and took out a paper. Unfolding it, I found a

WE FOUND A LACQUERED GLOVE BOX.

check for $1,000 signed by Myron B. Carr, payable to bearer. The following words were on the paper:

Find Hector Carr Garrett. Tell him to look under floor B. E. corner of the summer house of Carr place, at Guilford, Pa., and he will find important papers. Check inclosed to cover expenses.

There was more than this on the paper, including the date and the name of a ship that was not expected to survive a storm. The date indicated that the bottle had been floating twenty months.

I am rich and lazy, with no object in life. Here was a problem for me to work out, and I hailed it with pleasure. As soon as I returned from my summer outing I deposited the check in my bank and was afterward notified that it had been paid. I took it for granted that Myron Carr did not know where one could find Hector Garrett, and this accounted for the liberal allowance made for the search. I thought out a system of advertising that would cover the whole United States and employed an agent in each and every state to make a special hunt within the state's limits.

I went myself to Guilford, Pa. The only information I gained there was that Myron B. Carr, a wealthy man, had been at sea nearly two years before and the vessel in which he had sailed had never been heard from. He left no wife. He had had but one child, a daughter, who had died. She had been traveling with her father at the time of her death. No will bequeathing Myron Carr's property had been found. Some indirect heirs had put in claims, but the estate was still in the possession of the inheritance court.

It occurred to me to take up the door in the summer house and get the papers referred to, but if Myron Carr had intended such a course he would have written it on his message. I resolved rather to use every effort to find Hector Garrett that he might make the search himself. Meanwhile I felt bound to keep the secret.

I spent the thousand dollars found in the bottle and a thousand more without avail. Meanwhile I became so interested in the case that whenever at a strange town or city I fell into the habit of looking into the directory of the place with a view to finding my man. I looked through hundreds of directories and found many Garretts, but never the one I was looking for.

Finally my agent in Maryland wrote me that a plumber named Hardy, having seen my advertisement, had come to him with a story that a few years before he and his wife, being childless, had adopted a boy baby from a foundlings' home. To the clothing of this child had been pinned a bit of paper on which was written in a woman's hand "Hector Carr Garrett," with the date of his birth. The child was now in his fourth year.

It is singular how happy one may be made by a result that can be of no personal benefit to him. I was delighted with my find just as a scientist is delighted with a discovery on which he has long been working. I at once took a train for the town in Maryland where the plumber lived and was taken to his house. There I saw a bright little fellow who knew no other parents than the plumber and his wife.

They had kept the child's baby clothes, with the paper pinned to them. The clothes I did not consider likely to be of much value, but the paper, if it was in the mother's handwriting, which was probable, might be of great importance. I showed Hardy the paper I had found in the bottle. He suggested that I go to Guilford and make the search, but I insisted on his going with me, offering to pay his expenses. He accepted my proposition, and we set off together, leaving the child with his foster mother.

We arrived at Guilford in the afternoon and, taking a cab, told the driver to take us to the Carr place. It was well known in the town, and we had no difficulty in finding it. It was—or, rather, had been—a fine house, surrounded by large grounds. But it had not been occupied for some years and was in a dilapidated condition. The house was shut up, and there was no caretaker. We left the cab at the gate and walked to the summer house. It was, rather, an inclosed cottage. Having examined the floor and determined what tools were necessary, Hardy went for them, and when he returned we pried up several boards in the corner designated. We found a lacquered glove box, in which were several papers. One was addressed to "My Darling Son" and signed "Your unhappy mother, Julia Carr Garrett."

The substance of the paper was this:

Myron Blake Carr at the time of the opening of the narrative was a widower with an only child, Julia. When she was seventeen years old she attended a finishing school, near which was a man's college. One of the students of the college, Hector Garrett, met her. The two were pleased with each other, and there were frequent meetings. One afternoon they met clandestinely for a ride. During the drive Hector dared the girl to go with him to a minister and be married. Yielding to an impulse of a high strung nature, she assented. She was no sooner married than, realizing what she had done, she was filled with regret. She dared not tell her father. Had she done so this story would not have been written. When she met her husband again he suggested that they wait till after he had been graduated, when they would both acknowledge the marriage. Thus two months passed. Commencement arrived, and they went home, both keeping their secret.

One day news came to Julia that her husband had been thrown from a horse and killed. This deprived her of her husband's guidance, and she was obliged to make her own decisions. She acted as any young girl might have done who was afraid of her father. She continued to keep her secret. Learning that she was to become a mother, she secured permission from him to go away for a time, ostensibly on a visit to a friend. Where she went the paper did not state, but it told how a negro woman had left the child, a boy, with the name his mother had given him pinned to his clothing, at a foundlings' home.

Julia Garrett returned to her father, who was still ignorant of her marriage or the birth of her child. The burden she bore broke down her health, and her father resolved to take her with him on a trip around the world. The young widow's health was not improved by the journey. She continued to lose ground, and when on the other side of the globe she died. Before her death she must have told her father of her marriage, that there had been an heir born to his property and that she had hidden the paper. This hiding of the document took place before she went abroad.

I compared the handwriting with that which had been attached to the foundling's clothes. They were identical. Both were written in a peculiar fashion, all the letters being made with sharp angles.

The other papers in the box were a certificate of marriage between Hector Garrett and Julia Carr; also a certificate of the birth of their son Hector, signed by the physician in attendance.

I told Hardy that there was ample evidence to place his foster son in the possession of such property as had been left by the shipwrecked Myron Carr. There could not likely be a will unless Carr had mailed one from a foreign port before starting on his last water journey. But since the boy was the only child of Carr's only child he would inherit the property as the only direct heir.

Not wishing to act alone in a matter in which I had no legal right to act at all, I persuaded Hardy to go with me to deposit the papers we had found with the proper officer of the inheritance court, and I hired an attorney to attend to the minor interests. The property was about $200,000. The judge after hearing my story offered to appoint either me or the child's foster father his guardian, and Hardy insisted that I would be the better man for the purpose. He also suggested that the boy who would inherit a fortune should be brought up in a different atmosphere from that of a plumber's home. I offered to take little Hector and assume his guardianship if Hardy insisted and if his wife was willing to give up the child. Hardy did insist, and Mrs. Hardy, for what she considered the good of the child, gave a reluctant consent.

And so it was that while lazily cruising along o'er the broad Atlantic I came upon that which gave me an object of interest and turned the life of a foundling from the career of a plumber to that of a clergyman. All this happened years ago, and Hector Garrett is now an honor to his calling.

Verily, great is the power of the press.

STATEMENT

of the receipts and disbursements in connection with the Celebration, July 4th, 1879.

The following amounts were received from:

M. S. Geary, $5.00; P. H. Fitzgerrild, $35.00; Dolbe & Sherburne, $5.00; T. H. Purtle, $5.00; James McGuire, $5.00; P. L. McCreary, $5.00; Geo. H. Deming, $10.00; Armstrong's Drug Store, $10.00; J. K. McCarthy, $10.00; W. J. Kerr, $15.00; Anderson & Carlson, $10.00; H. W. Rabin, $10.00; Fry & Comes, $10.00; John Pickersgill, $5.00; Oscar Engstrom, $5.00; W. B. Means, $5.00; The Boys' Magazine, $10.00; T. J. Young, $5.00; Wm. Mumpleimer, $10.00; Nothers & George, $7.00; Geo. W. Brennan, $10.00; Daly & Garlick, $5.00; E. E. Heath, $5.00; H. C. Wells, $5.00; John Eberspacher, $5.00; Hamlin Bank & Trust Co., $10.00; C. B. Dickenson, $5.00; M. L. Armstrong, $5.00; F. W. Brownell, $5.00; Wm. H. Morrison, $5.00; Samuel E. Bell, $10.00; W. Pierce, $5.00; H. H. Reddold, $10.00; J. C. Gallup, $5.00; R. W. Hilton, $10.00; J. Colegrove, $5.00; Grange National Bank, $10.00; F. D. Gallup, $5.00; James A. McKean, $5.00; Backus Novelty Co., $5.00; T. A. Morrison, $5.00; John Forrest, $5.00; The Lindholm Co., $10.00; F. L. Holmes, $5.00; Melville Gillette, $5.00; Smethport Ice Co., $2.00; Max Schooler, $5.00; John Clark, $5.00; Wm. Glavin, $2.00; F. A. McCoy, $2.00; E. W. Strong, $2.00; Chas. Lemmler, $1.50; F. S. Backus, $2.00; John P. Devlin, $2.00; F. P. Isherwood, $2.00; H. M. Choate, $3.00; James Quirk, $5.00; May Chadwick, $1.00; W. A. Ostrander, $3.00; J. F. Dugan, $2.00; C. H. McVain, $2.00; J. A. Holder, $2.00; Geo. Deming, $2.00; Street Concessions, $2.00; Sam Raymer, $5.00; Tom Young, $3.00; T. H. Purtle, $2.00; M. S. Geary, $2.00; James McGuire, $2.00; P. H. Fitzgerille, $2.00; Dodge & Sherburne, $2.00; Burdick & Sartwell, $2.00; P. L. McCreary, $2.00;

Total $345.50

The following amounts were paid out: E. W. Jones, $13.50; C. B. Dickenson, $1.95; J. Colegrove, $1.93; Armstrong Drug Store, $02.93; W. B. Means, "boat", $10.00; American Express Co., $.90; Harry Newton, $4.00; Howard Deming, $12.50; Herman Sheldon, $2.00; John Natello, $2.00; Ed. Glavin, $4.00; J. DeKay, $2.00; Frank Dunbar, $2.00; H. D. Nuss, $1.00; J. C. Wirt, $12.50; Rex Stark, $5.00; J. Murray, $3.00; Ed McClure, $5.00; E. C. Cleveland, $2.00; F. D. Gallup, $5.00; Mr. Jewett B. B. Team, $35.00; D. H. Dunbar, $11.52; J. F. Leonard, $5.70; Colerille Band, $30.00; Engstrom & Olson, $13.25; Means Bros., $9.60; Strauss Mfg. Co., $10.32; L. A. McCoy, $5.15; Daly & Garlick, $.78; A. E. Quirk, $9.55; James Quirk, $15.00; Chadwick's Orchestra, $25.00; Chas. O. Layman, $15.00; McKean Miner, $6.25; Smethport Band, $85.00; Lindholm Co., $2.52; Chas. McVain, $1.00; N. Y. & Penna. Tel. Co., $2.35; Samuel Green, $4.50; Geo. Hyde, $7.50; Ed Kohn, $5.00; M. L. Armstrong, bal. B. B. fund, $15.00; James Quirk, $3.00; F. A. Green, $2.00; Geo. McGowan, $1.55; McKean Miner "post cards", $2.00; J. V. Gallup, $5.00; Alf. Kidder, $5.45; M. S. Geary, $22.50;

Total $342.70

By balance due Smethport Fire Department from Treas. of the Ex. Com. 2.80

Total $345.50

Balance received from Ex. Committee $2.80
Net receipts from dance $75.60
Net receipts from ball game $76.25

Total amount turned over to Treas. Fire Department ..... $154.65.

Signed:
M. S. GEARY, Chairman,
GUY H. McCOY,
JOHN W. WAITE,
THOS. H. PURTLE,
F. H. HUNGIVILLE.

J. V. McALPIN,
Secretary pro-tem.

Naturally Qualified.

"I am afraid I haven't any idea of the value of money," said the introspective youth.

"How do you expect to get on in life?"

"I guess I'll have to study architecture and draw plans for other people's houses."—Washington Star.

With Apologies.

I've wandered to the village, Tom; I've
hunted for the tree
Upon the village playground that sheltered you and me.
It wasn't anywhere in sight, They told
me, with a gulp,
They cut it down a year ago and sold the
wood for pulp.

Chicago Tribune.

The Right Way.

"What do you think of that aviator couple's making their wedding trip in an aeroplane?"

"Very appropriate."

"How?"

"Aren't lovers always in the clouds?"—Baltimore American.

A Fine Figure.

Once there lived a young lady in Lynn
Who was so excessively thin
That when she essayed
To sip lemonade
She slipped through the straw and fell in.

—London Tit-Bits

Merely a Suggestion.

"Why don't you call your newspaper the Appendix?" asked the enemy of the political boss.

"Any special reason for wanting me to do so?"

"Well, it's a useless organ."—Pittsburg Post.

Uncertainty of Love.

"Love makes the world go round," they say,
And leads all humankind.
Yet I don't see how that can be
Since love's so very blind.

—Boston Herald.

The Net Result.

Taylor—Did the course Baylor took in physical culture make him any stronger?

Naylor—Only in one hand. You know he took a correspondence course.—Puck.

His Last Words.

Detective (in search of clew)—Can you recall the last words your husband addressed to you before he went away? Deserted Wife—Yes. He said, "Maria, for heaven's sake do hush!"—Sheffield Union.

Porcelain.

Porcelain was discovered by an alchemist who was seeking a mixture of earths that would make the most durable crucibles.

The Teeth.

One of the commonest causes of bad teeth is that of taking very hot food. If you take a cup of very hot tea or coffee the enamel on the teeth expands, and breathing the cold air afterward causes it to contract. This alternate expansion and shrinking of the enamel work havoc with it, and when it cracks, as it soon does, the inner part of the tooth crumbles away in no time.

Tacitus.

Hume said that Tacitus was the ablest writer that ever lived and himself tried to model his style on that of the Roman historian.

DRY VALLEY'S INDIAN SUMMER.

How Springtime Returned to a Middle-Aged Sheepman.

By O. HENRY.

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Dry Valley Johnson shook the bottle. You have to shake the bottle before using, for sulphur will not dissolve. Then Dry Valley saturated a small sponge with the liquid and rubbed it carefully into the roots of his hair.

Dry Valley had been a sheepman. His real name was Hector, but he had been rechristened after his range.

Many years of living face to face with sheep on their own terms wearied Dry Valley Johnson. So he sold his ranch for $18,000 and moved to Santa Rosa to live a life of gentlemanly ease.

Dry Valley bought a four room cottage in the village and a library on

"WITH MAGNIFICENT INSOLENCE."

strawberry culture. Behind the cottage was a garden of which he made a strawberry patch.

When his strawberries were beginning to ripen Dry Valley bought the heaviest buggy whip in the Santa Rosa store.

In the house next to Dry Valley's lived a widow with a pack of children that gave the husbandman frequent anxious misgivings. In the woman there was a strain of the Spanish. She had wedded one of the name of O'Brien.

Between the two homesteads ran a crazy picket fence overgrown with morning glory and wild gourd vines. Often he could see little heads with mops of black hair and flashing dark eyes dodging in and out between the pickets, keeping tabs on the reddening berries.

Late one afternoon Dry Valley went to the postoffice. When he came back, like Mother Hubbard, he found the denes to pay. The descendants of Iberian bandits and Hiberuian cattle raiders had swooped down upon his strawberry patch.

Dry Valley slipped into the house, got his whip and charged the marauders. The lash curled about the legs of the nearest, a greedy ten-year-old, before they knew they were discovered. His screech gave warning, and the flock scuppered for the fence like a drove of lovels flushed in the chaparral. Dry Valley's whip drew a toll of two more shrill shrieks before they dived through the vine-clad fence.

Dry Valley, less fleet, followed them nearly to the pickets. Checking his useless pursuit, he rounded a bush, dropped his whip and stood, voiceless, motionless, the capacity of his powers consumed by the act of breathing and preserving the perpendicular.

Behind the bush stood Panchita O'Brien, scorning to fly. She was nineteen, the oldest of the raiders. Her night black hair was gathered back in a wild mass and tied with a scarlet ribbon. She stood with reluctant feet, yet nearer the brook than to the river, for childhood had environed and detained her.

She looked at Dry Valley Johnson for a moment with magnificent insolence and before his eyes slowly crunched a luscious berry between her white teeth. Then she turned and walked slowly to the fence with a swaying, conscious motion, such as a duchess might make use of in leading a promenade. There she turned again and grilled Dry Valley Johnson once more in the dark flame of her audacious eyes, laughed a trifle schoolgirlishly and twisted herself with panther-ish quickness between the pickets to the O'Brien side of the gourd vine.

Dry Valley picked up his whip and went into his house. He stumbled as he went up the two wooden steps. The old Mexican woman who cooked his meals and swept his house called him to supper as he went through the rooms. Dry Valley went on, stumbled down the front steps, out the gate and down the road into a mesquite thicket at the edge of town. He sat down in the grass and laboriously plucked the spines from a prickly pear one by one. This was his attitude of thought, acquired in the days when his problems were only those of wind and wool and water.

A thing had happened to the man—a thing that, if you are eligible, you must pray may pass you by. He had become enveloped in the Indian summer of the soul.

Dry Valley had had no youth. Even his childhood had been one of dignity and seriousness. At six he had viewed the frivolous gambols of the lambs on his father's ranch with silent disapproval. His life as a young man had been wasted. And now in his sear and yellow leaf one sorceful look from the eyes of Panchita O'Brien had flooded the autumnal landscape with a tardy and delusive summer heat.

But a sheepman is a hardy animal. Dry Valley Johnson had weathered too many northers to turn his back on a late summer, spiritual or real. Old? He would show them.

By the next mail went an order to San Antonio for an outfit of the latest clothes, colors and styles and prices no object. The next day went the recipe for the hair restorer clipped from a newspaper, for Dry Valley's sunburned auburn hair was beginning to turn silvery above his ears.

Dry Valley kept indoors closely for a week except for frequent sallies after youthful strawberry snatchers. Then, a few days later, he suddenly emerged brilliantly radiant in the hectic glow of his belated midsummer madness.

A jaybird blue tennis suit covered him outwardly almost as far as his wrists and ankles. His shirt was oxblood, his collar winged and tall, his necktie a floating oriflamme; his shoes a venomous bright tan, pointed and shaped on penitential lasts. A little flat straw hat with a striped band decorated his weatherbeaten head. Lemon colored kid gloves protected his oak tough hands from the benignant May sunshine. This sad and optic smiting creature teetered out of its don, smiling foolishly and smoothing its gloves for men and angels to see. To such a pass had Dry Valley Johnson been brought by Cupid, who always shoots game that is out of season with an arrow from the quiver of Momus. Reconstructing mythology, he had risen a prismatic macaw from the ashes of the gray-brown phoenix that had folded its tired wings to roost under the trees of Santa Rosa.

Dry Valley paused in the street to allow Santa Rosans within sight of him to be stunned and then deliberately and slowly, as his shoes required, entered Mrs. O'Brien's gate.

Not until the eleven months' drought did Santa Rosa cease talking about Dry Valley Johnson's courtship of Panchita O'Brien. It was an unclassifiable procedure—something like a combination of cakewalking, deaf and dumb oratory, postage stamp flirtation and parlor charades. It lasted two weeks and then came to a sudden end. Of course Mrs. O'Brien favored the match as soon as Dry Valley's intentions were disclosed. Being the mother of a woman child and therefore a charter member of the Ancient Order of the Rat Trap, she joyfully decked out Panchita for the sacrifice. The girl was temporarily dazzled by having her dresses lengthened and her hair piled up on her head and came near forgetting that she was only a slice of cheese. It was nice, too, to have as good a match as Mr. Johnson paying you attentions and to see the other girls flutter the curtains at their windows to see you go by with him.

Dry Valley bought a buggy with yellow wheels and a fine trotter in San Antonio. Every day he drove out with Panchita. He was never seen to speak to her when they were walking or driving. The consciousness of his clothes kept his mind busy; the knowledge that he could say nothing of interest kept him dumb; the feeling that Panchita was there kept him happy.

He took her to parties and dances and to church. He tried—oh, no man ever tried so hard to be young as Dry Valley did. He could not dance, but he invented a smile which he wore on these joyous occasions, a smile that in him was as great a concession to mirth and gayety as turning handsprings would be in another. He began to seek the company of the young men in the town, even of the boys. They accepted him as a decided damper, for his attempts at sportiveness were so forced that they might as well have essayed their games in a cathedral. Neither he nor any other could estimate what progress he had made with Panchita.

The end came suddenly in one day, as often disappears the false afterglow before a November sky and wind.

Dry Valley was to call for the girl one afternoon at 6 for a walk. An afternoon walk in Santa Rosa was a feature of social life that called for the pick of one's wardrobe. So Dry Valley began gorgeously to array himself; and so early that he finished early, and went over to the O'Brien cottage. As he neared the porch on the crooked walk from the gate he heard sounds of revelry within. He stopped and looked through the honeysuckle vines in the open door.

Panchita was amusing her younger brothers and sisters. She wore a man's clothes—no doubt those of the late Mr. O'Brien. On her head was the smallest brother's straw hat decorated with an ink striped paper band. On her hands were flapping yellow cloth gloves, roughly cut out and sewn for the masquerade. The same material covered her shoes, giving them the semblance of tan leather. High collar and flowing necktie were not omitted.

Panchita was an actress. Dry Valley saw his affectedly youthful gait, his limp where the right shoe hurt him, his forced smile, his awkward simulation of a gallant air, all reproduced with startling fidelity. For the first time a mirror had been held up to him. The corroboration of one of the youngsters calling, "Mamma, come and see Pancha do like Mr. Johnson," was not needed.

As softly as the caricatured tans would permit, Dry Valley tiptoed back to the gate and home again.

Twenty minutes after the time appointed for the walk Panchita tripped demurely out her gate in a thin, trim white lawn and sailor hat. She strolled up the sidewalk and showed her steps at Dry Valley's gate, her manner expressing wonder at his unusual delinquency.

Then out of his door and down the walk strode not the polychromatic victim of a lost summertime, but the sheepman rehabilitated. He wore his old gray woolen shirt, open at the throat, his brown duck trousers stuffed into his overrun boots, and his white felt sombrero on the back of his head. Twenty years or fifty he might look. Dry Valley cared not. His light blue eyes met Panchita's dark ones with a cold flash in them. He came as far as the gate. He pointed with his long arm to her house.

"Go home," said Dry Valley. "Go home to your mother. I wonder lightnin' don't strike a fool like me. Go home and play in the sand. What business have you got cavortin' around with grown men? I reckon I was locoed to be makin' a he poll-parrot out of myself for a kid like you. Go home and don't let me see you no more. Why I done it, will somebody tell me? Go home and let me try and forget it."

Panchita obeyed and walked slowly toward her home, saying nothing. For some distance she kept her head turned and her large eyes fixed intrepidly upon Dry Valley's. At her gate she stood for a moment looking back at him, then ran suddenly and swiftly into the house.

Old Antonia was building a fire in the kitchen stove. Dry Valley stopped at the door and laughed harshly.

"I'm a pretty looking old rhinoceros to be gettin' stuck on a kid, ain't I, Tonia?" said he.

"Not verree good thing," agreed Antonia sagely, "for too much old man to likee muchacha."

"You bet it ain't," said Dry Valley grimly. "It's dum foolishness, and, besides it hurts."

He brought at one armful the regalia of his aberration, the blue tennis suit, shoes, hat, gloves and all, and threw them in a pile at Antonia's feet.

"Give them to your old man," said he, "to hunt antelope in."

Just as the first star presided palely over the twilight Dry Valley got his biggest strawberry hook and sat on the back steps to catch the last of the reading light. He thought he saw the figure of some one in his strawberry patch. He laid aside the book, got his whip and hurried forth to see.

It was Panchita. She had slipped through the picket fence and was halfway across the patch. She stopped when she saw him and looked at him without wavering.

A sudden rage—a humiliating flush of unreasoning wrath—came over Dry Valley. For this child he had made himself a motley to the view. He had tried to bribe Time to turn backward for himself. He had—been made a fool of. At last he had seen his folly. There was a gulf between him and youth over which he could not build a bridge even with yellow gloves to protect his hands. And the sight of his torment coming to pester him with her calfu pranks—coming to plunder his strawberry vines like a mischievous schoolboy—roused all his anger.

"I told you to keep away from here," said Dry Valley. "Go back to your home."

Panchita moved slowly toward him. Dry Valley cracked his whip.

"Go back home," said Dry Valley savagely, "and play theatricals some more. You'd make a fine man. You've made a fine one of me."

She came a step nearer, silent and with that strange, defiant, steady

HE LOOKED THROUGH THE VINES.

shine in her eyes that had always puzzled him. Now it stirred his wrath.

His whiplash whistled through the air. He saw a red streak suddenly come out through her white dress above her knee where it had struck.

Without flinching and with the same unchanging dark glow in her eyes Panchita came steadily toward him through the strawberry vines. Dry Valley's trembling hand released his whip handle. When within a yard of him Panchita stretched out her arms.

"God, kid!" stammered Dry Valley. "Do you mean"—

But the seasons are versatile, and it may have been springtime after all instead of Indian summer that struck Dry Valley Johnson.

Formosa.

The productiveness of Formosa is so great that it is believed that the present population of 2,500,000 could be raised to 10,000,000 without exhausting the fertility of the soil.

Infant Marriages.

Turkey perhaps offers more facilities for the marriage of infants than any other European country. Ottoman requirements are met if bride and bridegroom are old enough to toddle from the cradle to the altar and to understand the meaning of the ceremony of marriage.

The Coffee Plant.

Abyssinia is the original home of coffee, and the plant is still grown there in its native luxuriance and primitive abundance.

Japanese Books.

Japanese books all begin at what we should call the end and finish up where one would expect the title page to be. Footnotes, if any, are placed at the top of the page, and the reader inserts his bookmarker at the bottom. Strangest of all, a large full stop is placed at the beginning of each paragraph.

The Stage as a School.

The elder Pitt liked Shakespeare, but not the labor of reading plays. He enjoyed hearing them and once said that he had learned more English history at the theater than at the university.

A Queer African Tribe.

The Suk tribe in Africa work their hair into a kind of bag shaped matted chignon stiffened with clay. This reaches almost to the waist. The Suks also wear a curious cape made of monkey skin rubbed soft. This cape is not worn for warmth or protection from the sun, but when it rains they put the cape over their heads to prevent the clay being washed out of their hair.

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